BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page iii of Cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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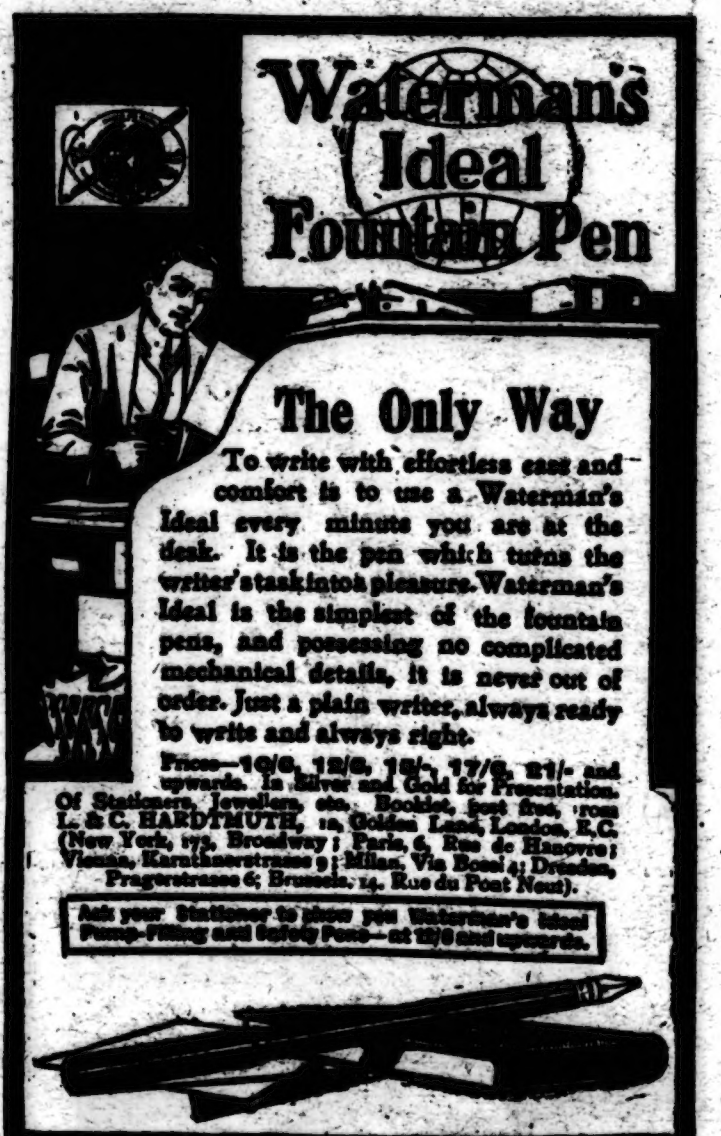

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Even royalty was fogbound yesterday." This delightful phrase occurred in the *Daily Mirror* the other day. It calls up memories of King Canute. And the "royalty" turns out to be only somebody from Schleswig!

We are rather sorry for Mr. Hess. We cannot believe that he did wrong in the criminal sense—that is to say, with criminal intent. A bit of an Ishmaelite, his hand has always been more or less against every man, and a few years ago he was the terror of the City. One of the very few libel actions he ever lost was at our own instance, and then he had to pay us heavy damages. He came up smiling with them, and we saw and heard nothing more of him for several years. Then he had fallen upon unkind times, and it was our pleasure to put him in the way of a fair amount of journalistic work. His methods and style were not suitable to our own columns, but we secured him the position of City editor to three other publications, and in that capacity, we understand, he gave complete satisfaction. Well, he will soon be out and about again; and perhaps the recollection of his own lapse may take some of the vinegar from his pen.

"Bottomley's Book" will be published at the close of the Guildhall proceedings in Rex *v.* Bottomley and others.

How people laughed when we predicted a General Election this year!

We regret to see from a letter read in the course of the Stoddart trial that Mr. Horace Avory "takes dislikes and nurses them." We do not believe it. He is far too big a man.

Why *did* Commissioner Nicoll "resign" from the Salvation Army?

When is the City church scandal to be taken in hand? People who do not know the extent of the anomaly should read a little pamphlet recently issued by Mr. Jas. Alexander, on "Ecclesiastical Finance Reform." Put shortly, it comes to this—that comparing the population of the City with that of, say, West Ham, the cost of saving a soul is £1 5s. and 2d. respectively. But population is too generous a test—judged by congregations, the result is even more striking. Take the case of one City church. The rector draws nearly £1,000 a year, and his congregation averages one in the morning and fifteen in the evening. Perhaps this is the establishment of which it is recorded that the service always begins with "Dearly beloved Roger"—Roger being the sexton! When will the bishops take the matter in hand? It isn't fair to throw this additional work upon the shoulders of M.P.s.

We do not like interfering in the internal affairs of any religious sect—our view being that every man should be left to find his way to heaven by his own route. But, for the life of us, we cannot resist a smile when we read that some of the parishioners of a Hampstead church have appealed to the Consistory Court against certain changes recently made, such as the raising of the Holy Table eight inches on a platform, with a super altar upon it, with six candlesticks upon the super altar, and a dossal with side wings behind the Holy Table. This sounds bad enough, but it is not all. "The altar rails had been cut and a sanctuary lamp hung in the chancel—whilst two seats had been removed from the body of the church and the clergy stalls moved so as to allow of processions"! It is all too terrible to contemplate. Thank heaven we have a Consistory Court!

We are sorry to see that our honourable and learned friend, Mr. Herbert Nield, M.P., has got into trouble over our case. But, of course, it was very wrong of him to suggest that the Government are in any way at the back of the proceedings, or that they have been instituted from any other motive than that of the interests of justice and commercial morality. Such a thing is, happily, quite impossible in this country.

We trust, however, that another honourable friend, Mr. O'Grady, M.P.—one of the very best of the parliamentary labour group—will escape any unpleasant consequences of a kindly speech delivered last week to a meeting of Trade Unionists, although from reports now before us in *Club Life* and the *Hackney Spectator*, we fear the worst.

More clerical blasphemy. The Rev. E. B. Woods is minister of a Baptist church at Kirkcaldy, and he has been speaking about the recent earthquake. "There is at the present time," he says, "a great outbreak of defiance against the will of God, *and God is not forgetting it*—and is showing His displeasure by the mighty disasters which the world is now suffering." Does the Rev. E. B. Woods realise the exact light in which he paints the Deity?

A correspondent warns our readers against being decoyed by the specious representations of emigration agents into seeking employment in South America. He tells a pitiable story of the state of things at Buenos Ayres. The rate of pay for labourers is 28 cents to 30 cents per hour; for carpenters, 45 to 60 cents; fitters, 50 to 60 cents—a cent being a fifth of a penny. And the cost of living is just about double that at home. The whole subject of emigration sadly needs looking into.

Accounts in the newspapers suggested considerable doubt whether the Lithuanian Jacob Lapidus, who ran amok at Tottenham, was in fact killed by his own hand or by the bullet fired from the revolver of plucky young P.C. Eagles. The only parallel which came to mind was Robespierre. Of course Robespierre did not play the highwayman or run amok among his fellows with a smoking revolver in hand; but, hunted into the hotel de ville, and discovered with his jaw shattered, there is doubt to this day whether he shot himself or was shot down. In the case of Lapidus the jury say suicide, presumably after a comparison of the bullets found in the dead man's body. There the matter must rest. But there is no doubt that P.C. Eagles tackled the man bravely, and that the firing between the two men was practically a revolver duel. We trust it goes without saying that the young constable will be remembered by his superiors at an early date.

And while the Commissioner of Police is recognising the bravery of Eagles, the people of London who have somewhat of current coin to spare are putting it to good purpose by recognising the bravery of P.C. Tyler. Thinking he had run the man in hospital to earth, he called on him to surrender. "Come on. Give in. The game's up." The answer was a pull of the trigger—and Tyler fell dead. London is proud of the gallantry and sacrifice of that constable now lying in his grave, and is showing its recognition of his fearless devotion to duty by making ample provision for his young widow in her present need, and for all the rest of her days. Meanwhile, as is the British way, we are nursing back to life a ruthless fiend in order that we may give him the opportunity of showing cause why he should not be hanged in due course of law. Which shows that, as a people, we are wondrous kind and wondrous just. We give every dog its chance.

There was no truth in what the *Star* calls "the malicious rumour that the Attorney-General was to be made a peer." At the same time, says our contemporary, "we must admit that our Tory friends have some excuse for their derision. The ambiguous attitude of Radical leaders towards the House of Lords invites ribaldry and stimulates mockery." We agree. It is not Sir William Robson, who is not a member of the Cabinet, who has been created a peer, but the Right Hon. John Sinclair, Secretary for Scotland. The reason given for the elevation of Mr. Sinclair is that "it is made with the object of securing the presence in the House of Lords of a Cabinet Minister responsible for the administration of Scottish business." Was ever such a silly tarradiddle? Here, on the one hand, we find Cabinet Ministers orating about what they are going to do to the House of Lords in the sweet by-and-by, and, on the other, we have the Prime Minister "elevating" another of his colleagues because Scotch business cannot be properly transacted unless he has a seat there. We have said a hundred times, and we repeat, that all the talk of Liberal Ministers about mending or ending the Lords is bunkum. The most they can do is to threaten. Men who mean business don't threaten. They save their threats until it is time to act—and then they don't want them.

In the face of these Liberal creations, is it any wonder that the mending (or ending) theory has become one of the dreariest of our national jokes? When the twinkling *Star* "demands a clear and unmistakable lead with a clear and unmistakable plan of campaign," we take leave to say it demands what it won't get this side of Jordan. There isn't any heart, and there isn't any meaning, and there isn't any purpose in the oratorical nebulosities of Ministers in regard to the House of Lords. Everybody knows it. They know it. The man in the street and the man in the moon know it. At this time of day Ministers have not an effective kick left in them, and if they had, they wouldn't kick.

A number of indignant Bullites complain to us in various tones of disgust and emotion that Miss Violet Charlesworth, merely because of her striking gifts of mendacity, should have been engaged to appear on the music-hall stage at a salary of—well, some of the funny papers say £300 a week, and some, who dare not tell a fib, say £100. "I feel sure," says one of our readers, "that it is a sign of the degeneracy of the public mind that this woman, who has disgraced herself by her impudence and falsehood, should be able to draw such a salary as a public attraction." So far as the public are concerned, it does not strike us so much as a sign of degeneracy as a sign of insatiable and morbid curiosity. So far as the music hall managers are concerned, they want to increase the offertories, and so far as the vivacious Violet is concerned she is in dire need of the cash. But public curiosity is soon satiated. She will go round once "on her face," as they say in the thoroughfares. If she is without stage abilities, however, she will not go round again—not even on her head. She will have to justify at the booking office the drain on the cash box. For the time, she is justified by cheek. When she has to justify by works, then, it may be, she will fall back on the vanishing act once more; but not, we hope, before she fulfils all the obligations under that deed of Assignment.

We have also received a vigorous defence of Mr. Willis Bund, chairman of the Worcestershire and Cardiganshire Quarter Sessions, and chairman of the Worcestershire County Council. Among other things we are informed that Mr. Bund is a hard worker, that he is the "beau ideal of an English gentleman of the old John Bull school," that he is a strong man, and that, like all strong men, he has many cowardly enemies. It does our heart good to see a man putting up a good fight for his friends. But a strong man should not, as a rule, use his strength like a giant, for that makes him a bully, and he should not discredit his position as a magistrate by calling his Grand Jury fools and asses, for that is undignified and rude, and indicates that he has either a deuce of a tongue or the devil of a liver. If Mr. Bund had at once apologised to those whom he had insulted, as a "beau ideal of the old John Bull school" would have done, he would have had no admonishment and chastening from us. As he did not, it seemed necessary that we should lay on even as a good father who loveth his erring child. Still, better late than never.

Mrs. Carrie Nation now knows that teetotal propaganda carried on in her crazy way is not to the taste of the British public. Especially is it not to the taste of the British public that she should appear as a music hall turn at a considerable salary, whether she intended to devote that salary to the cause of the fallen maids of her native state, as she said, or utilise it as a personal blessing. Two appearances behind the footlights have attracted too few customers and too many rotten eggs for the management of the Paragon and the Canterbury, and Carrie's name is therefore deleted from the programme. She is no worse off for the eggs, for her age

protects her, but certainly the management went a long way in the direction of wanton provocation to their audiences. People don't pay for seats at music halls to listen to the violent diatribes of fanatics. Commonsense, even without the eggs, should have taught the management that.

Unquestionably the great blot on the Old Age Pensions Act, even within the limits of its pretensions, is that old people who have received poor law relief, however small, or in however indirect a way, are excluded from benefit. It is an old yarn that poverty is not a crime. But undoubtedly we go a long way towards treating it as such, for we not only deprive the man of his vote after he has paid his poor rates for years, but we make the hard stress of his poverty a bar to receiving any consideration under the Act. True it is that if, if paupers had been admitted, it would have cost the country three or four millions more. That is clear, and until the Chancellor of the Exchequer finds new pockets to pick, there is precious little chance of the cash being forthcoming—unless local authorities are willing to enter into some bargain with the Exchequer for sharing the mutual burden. The London County Council might do worse than arrange a conference of London borough councils to consider the matter.

It was really hopeless for counsel for the applicant in the Fulham crèche case to expect an injunction to restrain the squalling of twenty-seven babies by night and by day in the house next door—as hopeless as if he had applied to injunct somebody's piano, even with expert evidence that it was worse than twenty-seven babies. "Twenty-seven babies screaming, some in paroxysms of rage, between the hours of seven a.m. and seven p.m.," exclaimed counsel in tones of forensic distress—"is that a little thing?" Certainly not. It is twenty-seven little things, and it is also a magnificent entertainment. It is obvious that if every mother is to be injuncted for running a day, evening, and afternoon performance of babies because it distresses her next-door neighbours, the birth-rate in England will tend to alarming decrease.

A few days ago a man employed by a Swansea firm thrashed the pony in his care with a steel line whip stock, and, as he admitted, the point of the stock penetrated the animal's body in several places. According to the evidence, some of the wounds were from twelve to fifteen inches long. The chairman of the bench said the only redeeming feature of the case was that the man was "kind to his mother," and he would be fined ten shillings and costs. In another Welsh case, a man was charged with stealing coal, value 3d., from a railway siding. "Defendant, who said he stole the coal to warm his children," was sent down by the Aberavon magistrates for three months' hard labour. In this last case the sentence amounts almost to judicial ferocity, and we pity the man who has to go before the Aberavon bench for stealing a penn'orth of firewood. On the other hand, Swansea seems to be quite a nice place for those who are kind to their mothers and brutally ill-treat their animals. It is rumoured that in this town a man may boil a cat alive for quite a nominal charge.

A correspondent thinks that a circular sent out by the "Christian Business Association" of East Ham "will appeal to our sense of humour." This firm announces as its specialities: "Punctuality, Reliability, Truth," "Just Measures, Good Weights, and Righteous Dealing," and "A regular supply of fresh vegetables and fruits." Surely this is no joke. Christian principles so often stray away from the pulpit that it affords us pleasure to note that some of them have taken refuge among the greengroceries. It would afford us still greater pleasure if they were also found sojourning among eggs and bacon, "prime English beef," delicious pots of jam, and all the table delicacies. Supposing that a man is not a canting humbug, and that he means all he says, "Just Measures, Good Weights, and Righteous Dealing" is on the right lines of Christian faith and practice, and they are novel enough in these days to justify all the advertisement he can afford to give them. But he offers a bold challenge to competitors. If he fail in it, may he soon be found out.

The *Mail* appears to have kept careful record of Judge Willis's career on earth, from which it appears that His Honour wears the white flower of a blameless life. He has never used a telephone, and does not know how to use one, never ridden in a tramway tube, never watched a horse race, never backed a gee-gee, never gambled, even to the extent of pitch-and-toss or shove-ha'penny, never entered a place of amusement when a lad; never ran into debt, and never borrowed money. Will His Honour now inform us whether he has ever used a hair restorer, taken a pale pill, had a ride on a tram top, seen a bicycle, heard a typewriter, sent a telegram, when he wanted to know the time asked a policeman, nursed a baby, kicked a phonograph, broken a basin, or had his bumps felt? Any further particulars will be carefully filed and justly esteemed by his future biographers. Meanwhile, he is not exactly the sort of man we should like to be stranded on a desert island with.

Now that the public has grown tired of Miss Charlesworth, a minor mystery is being provided by "The Confederates." They are not, as might be imagined, a band of strolling singers at the seaside, but a group of anonymous politicians who aspire to affect the destinies of the Unionist Party tremendously. Their intention evidently is to inspire terror by a suggestion of darkness and secrecy. We are to conceive them wearing masks and slouch hats and Spanish cloaks, creeping about on tiptoe with glistening daggers in their hands. They are to be regarded as a kind of Vehmgericht instituted to track out and punish any Unionist member or candidate who ever allows his mind to wander away for an instant from the slavery of the caucus. Probably if we tore away the disguises we should find that the inquisitors were really not much more terrible than, say, Mr. Paddy Goulding, M.P., or Mr. L. J. Maxse, or the youthful Earl of Winterton. In any case, their methods are not quite all-British (as the methods of Tariff Reformers should be), and we hope that they will be sternly resisted.

What is this rumour we hear of an impending scandal connected with the Criminal Investigation Department and the C Division of Metropolitan Police?

We hear a great deal about the triumphs of civilisation, but very little about its many shortcomings. Surely fogs are not so utterly unknown in London that some means might not be devised to prevent them from dislocating all traffic. Last week the confusion at the railway stations was scandalous, almost indescribable. Intending travellers arriving about 7 o'clock found mobs wandering hopeless about all the platforms, scanning empty notice boards and making futile attempts to gather any sort of information about the probability of departures. Then a train would straggle in and be overcrowded in a trice by unfortunates who were doomed to remain in their pens for ages before a start took place, stamping their frozen feet and gasping to resist asphyxiation. Why cannot some system be devised for better signalling during a fog, so that trains might proceed with speed and perfect safety? Trains proceed with regularity underground, where the darkness must be as difficult to combat as that of a

fog. At any rate the signal-boards might be superintended and kept up to date even if modern science is impotent to cope with an intermittent natural obstruction. Why should a railway station be reduced to the condition of the French army after the battle of Waterloo? Even the Post Office is not more disorganised when taken unawares by Christmas.

With a great flourish of trumpets, a little orange-covered monthly publication, called the *Anti-Socialist*, has been launched upon an indifferent world. We are opposed to Socialism ourselves, as Bradlaugh and Mill and Spencer were, and we are quite ready to do justice to the excellent intentions of the promoters of the new pennyworth. But, whatever their strength of heart, they are lamentably deficient in head development. To begin with, the negative name is a confession of weakness. There is a suggestion of the parasite about "anti," and we feel that something of a constructive policy is required to sterilise Socialism. A bright, cheerful, readable publication, something on the lines of the *Liberty Review*, would have been welcome and illuminating; but heavy, soporific, flatulent dogmatism can neither exhilarate a campaigner nor put an enemy to confusion. The kind of ammunition of the *Anti-Socialist* may be gauged by the fact that the editor has been driven to utilise that old blunderbuss Lord Avebury. His article is entitled "What is Socialism?" and he proceeds to shrug his shoulders and sniff the air and inform his reader that he really does not know. Then we have a damp squib from Mr. Mostyn T. Piggott with the wonderfully witty title "Ass-pirations," and a jingle all about nothing. The greater part of a page is devoted to an article which turns out to be only a series of extracts from a book which was recently issued by a Mr. Lawler Wilson, who is vulgar without being funny. Worst of all, the paper contains a tirade against afforestation. When we start an anti-Socialist paper, we shall call it *Liberty*.

We observe that Mr. Oscar Browning has been dogmatising about "certain classes in America," adding, with delightful ingenuousness, "personally, I have no experience" of them. *Vanity Fair* makes fine fun of this "delight in ignorance," and has a sly dig at "his nice sounding name." But no man is responsible for his name. "O. B." may be remembered as the man who made himself ridiculous by going up to Tennyson and saying, "Don't you know me? I am Browning," whereupon Tennyson replied, "No, you are not—I know Browning."

WORRIED LOOKS.—XIII.

The Landowner and Lloyd George.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For the following advertisement:—"Monstre lucky packets, 1d. each. Anyone not satisfied with the contents will have their money refunded on returning the packet UNOPENED,"
AN ADVERTISER IN *THE HULL AND LINCOLNSHIRE TIMES*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in the "Windsor Magazine" that "the most eloquent English orators have nearly all been Irishmen, although some have been Scotchmen,"
MR. W. T. STEAD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "on leaving London their Majesties will proceed to Buckingham Palace,"
THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing, "We can now supply direct from the Farms reliable EGGS FOR HATCHING *Poultry, Pigeons and* RABBITS,"
WILLIAM WHITELEY, LTD.,
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Miss Charlesworth "was inclined to OVERDRESS *herself. . . In* COLD *weather she would wear* WHITE MUSLIN,"
THE STANDARD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a Mr. Downs "found that DURING THE YEAR *there had been* EIGHTEEN MONTHLY *committee meetings, at all of which Mr. Jarvis had been present,"*
THE KENTISH GAZETTE AND CANTERBURY PRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. A. Whittaker officiated as BRIDEGROOM *" at the wedding of Mr. John M. Whittaker at Millgate,*
THE BACUP TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving evidence that "the bath-room was used by the guests, but not all at the same time,"
HELEN MORRIS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that Tom Sayers "was only BEATEN ONCE, *his conqueror being Nat Langham. . . . As it was the match was* DRAWN,"
THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that, during the past year, the inquests at Kingston "totalled 230, of which 135 WERE UPON MALES AND FEMALES,"
THE SURREY COMET
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For the following announcement, "The Palace won approval by their athletic prowess and their general appearance of fitness. The game was delayed for several minutes owing to this,"
THE FOOTBALL STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the 'Ophir' reached Naples without any births occurring. One of the passengers had, however, given birth to a baby, and mother and child were none the worse for their adventures,"
THE NEWS OF THE WORLD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that two men "were WORKING *with the Tottenham* UNEMPLOYED,"
THE ISLINGTON GAZETTE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that " ANONYMOUS *letters will not be returned,"*
THE GOLD COAST LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

A TEACHER OF FILTH.

PITIFUL DEGRADATION OF THE LONDON THEOSOPHICAL LODGE.

The Theosophical Society is an organisation of what are known as occultists—students of the mysterious side of Buddhism, and disciples of the "adepts" of Thibet. Their High Priestess, until a few years ago—when she died—was the Russian, Madame Blavatsky, an extraordinary woman in many ways. In the minds of the disciples she was possessed of abnormal faculties, and Mr. A. P. Sinnett, in his book, "The Occult World"—which preceded his more pretentious work, "Esoteric Buddhism"—tells wonderful stories of the miracles she wrought out in India. In the opinion of outsiders, she was an impudent impostor, and it must be admitted that her prestige suffered a severe blow when, shortly before her death, two of her servants confessed to having been confederates in the production of some of her most remarkable "phenomena" But be that as it may, the Society goes on, with branches all over the world—America, under the presidency of the late Colonel Olcot, having led the way in the Western hemisphere.

EARLY DAYS OF THE SOCIETY.

For a long time Mr. Sinnett, who had spent many years in India as editor of the *Pioneer*, and returned to this country in the early eighties, was president of the London Lodge, or British section—which had been established by Madame Blavatsky at the end of 1875; but he resigned some years ago in favour of Mrs. Annie Besant, who, emotional woman that she is, had grown tired of the material school of Agnosticism, with which she had been prominently associated in conjunction with Mr. Bradlaugh, after having, in turn, broken away from the orthodox faith of a clerical husband. Up to this point no breath of suspicion attached to the Society, so far, at any rate, as the British section was concerned. The members might be deluded, and perhaps gullible individuals, but they were intensely earnest. Their periodical gatherings took the form of deep and sincere contemplation of the hidden mysteries of the universe—but hidden only, of course, to the unenlightened of mankind who had not espoused the true gospel of Theosophy. Every week the members would meet at each other's houses and read and discuss wonderful addresses, and *hsar about*—as distinguished from witnessing—more wonderful "manifestations" from the Beyond. Sceptics said that these good people were a veritable hunting ground for the professional Spiritualistic Medium, the "Clairvoyant," the "Sensitive," and the Spirit Photographer. But they did no harm to anybody.

EVIL INFLUENCES AT WORK.

Now, however, a serious change has occurred, and unless public opinion be at once aroused, the gravest injury threatens the morals of the rising generation. Therefore, as in the case of the "Abode of Love"—which we have been the means of unmasking—we must draw the veil aside and reveal the foul truth about the London section of this Theosophical Society.

A FILTHY TEACHER OF THE YOUNG.

It appears that a few years ago there came into the Society a Mr. Leadbeater, a man of scholarly attainments and an author of some repute. If we remember rightly, he occupied for some time the position of private tutor to Mr. Sinnett's son, and he soon won his way into the inner councils of the sect, becoming, indeed, one of its most prominent professors and lecturers. Now, for some time past, the attitude of this man towards the young boys with whom he was constantly brought into contact has been the subject of grave concern amongst the members, the more reputable of whom, led by Mr. Sinnett, have left no stone unturned to drum him out of the movement. This they temporarily succeeded in doing, and it was hoped that the Society having been purged of such a filthy creature, would in time recover its good name and be left free to continue its work. But it reckoned without its hostess—for Mrs. Besant, as we have said, is an emotional, impulsive, and strong-headed woman, and it is impossible for anyone to predict with certainty the course she will adopt in regard to the same matter two days together. Thus, after purifying the organisation by compelling the "resignation" of Leadbeater, Mr. Sinnett and his friends have been horrified to find the man—who, it may be said, makes no secret of his pernicious doctrines—readmitted to its councils, with the full approval of the President.

WHOLESALE RESIGNATIONS.

The result is the immediate resignation from the Society of Mr. Sinnett, Mr. Herbert Burrows, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, Mr. Bertram Keightley, Mr. John Watkins, and numerous other well-known public men. But the Society itself remains and, as with all these bodies, when it is known that they embrace doctrines of sexual irregularity, is gathering into its ranks an army of morbid moral degenerates, whose teachings are calculated to undermine the character and sap the manhood of our race.

THE STORY.

The present trouble originated more than two years ago. On May 18th, 1906, the General Secretary of the American section drew attention by circular letter to the fact that rumours had for years been current in India, Ceylon and England that one of the most prominent Theosophist lecturers and workers—Leadbeater to wit—had been teaching pernicious habits to boys placed under his charge. A memorial embodying the evidence, which was signed by the directors of the Esoteric section, otherwise known as the inner section of the Theosophical Society, was addressed to Mrs. Besant, a copy at the same time being sent to the member whose conduct was impugned. The charges were admitted, and the practices defended by him, but were strongly condemned by Mrs. Besant, who, however, expressed the opinion that his motives were sincere.

A COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY.

A committee of inquiry was immediately formed and a sitting held in London, presided over by the late Colonel Olcot, and attended by Mr. Leadbeater and several representative Theosophists. Mr. Leadbeater admitted the charges. Prior to the meeting he had addressed a letter to the chairman, in which his resignation was tendered. The chairman produced this letter, and the question before the committee was not the guilt or innocence of Mr. Leadbeater, since guilt was admitted, but whether his resignation should be accepted, or he should be expelled from the Society. He was allowed to resign.

It seems incredible, but it is the fact, that immediately this loathsome brute resigned, a campaign in his favour was opened. In April, 1908, notice was given of a resolution to be moved at the convention to be held in the following July of the intention to ask Mr. Leadbeater to rejoin the Society. In April, 1907, Mrs. Besant declared that his re-admission could only be allowed on his publicly repudiating his teachings, and in a letter written in August of that year she wrote:—

> Any proposal to reinstate Mr. Leadbeater in the membership of the Theosophical Society would be ruinous to the Society. . . . I should move on the Theosophical Council, the supreme authority, that the application for membership should be rejected.

MRS. BESANT'S CHANGE OF FRONT.

This is the sort of letter that one would naturally assume would be written in the circumstances by Mrs. Besant. But in July last, her attitude had completely changed. She offered no explanation of that change, but from that time onwards she has been in favour of the reinstatement of Mr. Leadbeater. A resolution was moved at the convention held in July in favour of her policy to reinstate him in any work he was willing to do for the Society. This resolution was lost by a majority of two, but the agitation in favour of re-admission was continued, and being unable to further resist it, and disgusted with the whole business, its best men, as we have stated, have left the Society.

It is an amazing story, and it is not pleasant to think that there should be a substantial section of the Society in favour of re-admitting Mr. Leadbeater, an individual who, instead of being permitted to work with decent men and women, should be tied to a cart tail and flogged from Temple Bar to Aldgate Pump.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR.

We have practically demolished the Abode of Lust at Spaxton, and we now call the attention of the Public Prosecutor to the conduct of this man Leadbeater. The details of his doings—for he has not confined himself to mere teaching—are easily available; and it will be nothing short of a scandal if matters are allowed to drift.

OUR ADMIRALS.—II.

SIR JOHN FISHER, G.C.B., O.M.

By VEDETTE.

To a good many people to-day the British Navy is Sir John Fisher, First Sea Lord and supreme Dictator in our Senior Service. Certainly he is every bit as essential to the Navy as Lord Kitchener is to the Army. Fisher, or "Jacko" as the Service calls him with its customary lack of reverence, has fought his way to the very top of the tree by sheer merit, and it is by merit that he will retain his position. Probably there is no man on the Admiral's List to-day who owes less to that mysterious entity known as "influence" than does Fisher; and if during the past few years he has stooped to employ "influence" at all it has been more with the idea of counteracting the machinations of his many and powerful enemies than with any idea of securing further personal advancement. "If I thought the British Navy would be better off without me, I would quit the Service to-morrow," is a remark he made a few months ago, and those who know him best realise the truth of this utterance.

It is now fifty-four years since "Jacko" joined the Royal Navy, and he at once made it clear that he had not entered the Service for the fun of the thing. Whatever was allotted to him to do he did with all his heart and soul, and when he was not on duty he was spending his leisure studying the theory of his profession and reading the lives of the great naval commanders who had gone before him. His reward came quickly, for after barely six years' service, he reached the rank of lieutenant. He then saw his first piece of active service, taking part in the China war. He was present at the capture of Canton and at the successful assault on the Peiho Forts. Since that time he has held almost every position it is possible for a British sailor to occupy.

Though he stands quite alone at the present day as a naval organiser and administrator, it is to be doubted if there is an Admiral on the Active List more generally unpopular. Why this should be so is one of those puzzles that one so often encounters as one passes through life. Certain it is that anyone who has been brought into contact with Sir John Arbuthnot Fisher would be hard put to it to say what there was about him to cause a feeling of vague dislike and antagonism, but the feeling is almost sure to be there. There is no one better aware of this state of things than is Fisher himself. And, truth to tell, at times he seems to go out of his way to raise and encourage this feeling. At least he never seems to do anything to remove it. There is a very curious resemblance in the dispositions and careers of Lord Kitchener and Sir John Fisher that has generally escaped notice save by those who have been brought intimately into contact with them both. Both are admirable in their way with many charming characteristics. Both stand absolutely at the top of their profession, and, be it added, both make enemies more easily than the average man makes friends.

Speak to anyone who has served on Kitchener's Staff regarding his feeling towards that soldier. His reply will be something like this: "Oh yes, Kitchener is a fine soldier and a capital chap, but——" And it is precisely the same with Fisher. There is always the inevitable "but" when discussing him with those who have served under him. Fisher either affects to, or really does, possess a sovereign contempt for what his subordinates or the world in general think about him and his actions. He maps out his own course and resolutely sticks to it without fear and without wavering. And if those in charge of the British Navy are wise and value the maintenance of our supremacy at sea, they will be well content to leave Sir John Fisher to carry out the work he has mapped out for himself without let or hindrance.

Another curious point of resemblance between Kitchener and Fisher is to be found in the fact that in the event of a war neither would be found holding the supreme command. This undoubtedly sounds like a paradox when contrasted with what has just been said regarding their pre-eminence in their respective professions. As a matter of fact, neither is fitted by nature to handle an army or a fleet in time of war. They are distinctly men for the office rather than the battlefield. Their abilities lie purely in the direction of organisation and administration, and in this capacity in any future war they would be well worth any amount of money the British nation like to pay them. There are plenty of sailors on the Active List of the Navy to-day who are infinitely better fighting men than is Fisher, and who would handle a fleet in the face of the enemy with much greater skill and effect. Yet probably they have not half Fisher's brains or abilities.

In manner Sir John Fisher is silent and taciturn to a degree, and when it is necessary for him to speak he uses the fewest words possible to convey his meaning, and jerks them out in quick, staccato fashion, like so many bullets from a machine gun. He has a cynical wit that he likes to exercise, and some of his criticisms cut like a whip-lash. An instance of the former trait was supplied some months ago when the King and Queen went aboard the *Dreadnought* at Portsmouth in order to inspect this mightiest of all our terrible engines of warfare. The Board of Admiralty accompanied their Majesties on this inspection, and, of course, Fisher was among them. While others present almost tumbled over themselves in their eagerness to explain everything that caught the eye of the King or the Queen, and to air their great technical knowledge, Fisher held coldly aloof and said never a word. Presently the King asked him his candid opinion of the mammoth battleship. "An excellent target for an opposing fleet, sir," was Fisher's only reply. As a matter of fact the *Dreadnought* type of battleship was adopted for the British Navy largely upon the advice of Fisher himself.

Many years ago he conceived, in common with other sailors, the idea of battleships of huge size, with enormous engine-power, and armed with "all big guns" in place of the miscellaneous collection of armament carried by the ships of those days, when it was currently said that no two guns would fire the same shells. There were, however, at that time many difficulties in the way of the realisation of this idea. The introduction and development of the turbine, however, gave Fisher and those who thought with him the opportunity to urge their theories in public. At first the authorities rather hesitated, and suggested caution before making a departure of this drastic nature. In season and out of season, however, Fisher supported his contention. At length he got his way. The *Dreadnought* was built, and the naval construction of the whole world at once underwent a dramatic revolution.

The King makes no secret of the fact that he places the utmost reliance upon Fisher's advice and judgment, and no step of importance is taken in connection with the Navy without the matter has been thoroughly thrashed out by the Sovereign and his First Sea Lord. Further, the King rarely pays a State visit to a foreign country without Fisher joins his suite as representing the Navy. He accompanied the King and Queen to Reval last year when an incident illustrative of his love of looking into details occurred. He was unexpectedly summoned to join the Royal party at luncheon, but was nowhere to be found, though the decks and cabins were carefully searched. Presently he hurried into the dining saloon with profuse apologies. He had been spending the morning in the engine-room and stokehold, he explained, examining one or two minor defects in the engines and devising improvements.

At the Admiralty Fisher is a "holy terror." The description, it may be added, is that of one of the messengers in the department and very aptly sums him up. As he passes quickly to his room of a morning, nothing seems to escape his sharp, penetrating glance. The magic word "Jacko!" runs round idling members of the department who may be about, and the effect is electrical. Some years ago Fisher had once to call at the Admiralty, and was rather badly "snubbed" by an impertinent attendant. "What name?" asked the official carelessly. "Captain Fisher," was the reply. "Never heard of it," replied the man quite gratuitously. "No, but if ever I am in authority in this department you will," Fisher snapped back.

Socially Fisher is not a success. That is one of the things upon which he prides himself. His position demands that he shall be seen at the leading Court and other functions during the London season, but he heartily detests this duty, and usually slips away to the Travellers' or the Marlborough Club as quickly as possible. When he goes to Court, he hides himself away in some corner and leaves others to glitter in their uniforms on the outskirts of the Royal circle. "It is my business to see that the fleet is in a condition to defend the King's dominions," he once remarked, "not to fool about at Buckingham Palace with a lot of old women. That is more in old ———'s line." That phrase very tersely sums up the character of the present "Ruler of the King's Navee."

TOO BUSY.

By A. HUNTER.

And it came to pass that P.C. B41 warily raised himself on to the window-sill of the "Blue Horse," so as to obtain a better view therein.

And, perchance, there came one that way, hatless and breathless, who, seeing him there, cried unto him, with an exceeding loud voice:

"Oh, constable, at the end of this highway there lieth a woman, stricken in years, who hath been waylaid by a robber and by him sorely maltreated. Hasten thee, then, that thou may'st lay hold of him and cause him to restore unto the woman that which he hath despoiled her of."

But the policeman was exceeding wroth with the citizen, and answered him, saying:

"Not so, for I have other work here to do. For behold! within two men abide who spin the coin for a measure of beer. I must therefore watch them steadfastly that they may escape me not."

Then the citizen lifted up his voice and wept, but lo! the policeman departed not.

And the robber rejoiced and was exceeding glad, for he said: "Of a surety now may I seek safety and enjoy that which I have gotten by the strength of my right arm."

And the law commended the upright constable for doing that which was lawful and just.

INDOOR LICENSE.

When Oliver Cromwell and some of his saints
Were over a bottle quite free from restraints,
The corkscrew by accident fell from the table,
And to find it at once the guests were unable,
When Cromwell, impatient, went down on his knees
A messenger entered and said, "If you please,
The Church deputation wish to be heard."
"Not at present," said Cromwell, "we're seeking the Lord."
Then observed to his friends, "They are not without merit
Who seek the means humbly to get at the spirit."

G. N. BANTING.

PERSONALITIES.—IV.

Said a braw Hielan' Laddie, "Oor Harry,"
"Wi' the Yanks I wad just love to tarry.
For the bawbees they pay,
They mak me sae gay,
And the siller tae Scotland I'll carry!"

THE REV. F. B. MEYER AND THE SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVE.

By WALTER MOORE.

The Rev. F. B. Meyer's book, "A Winter in South Africa," is temperately written, for a Nonconformist minister of somewhat extreme views; but, not to put too fine a point on it, it is nasty reading. It is calculated to shake some of the smug conceit out of the Britisher as a civilising agent, and makes one think that it would have been a great deal better for the natives if we had never set foot in their country. But we did not begin the colonising of South Africa with the idea of benefiting the aboriginal inhabitants. We were after the mineral wealth, and it must be confessed that in that respect our enterprise has not been altogether unsuccessful.

It is a pity, however, that colonial expansion should always be marred by the degradation, corruption, and misery of so many of the natives of whatsoever country we favour with our attentions. All broad-minded men are willing to admit that colonial pioneers, more especially when they form a cosmopolitan crowd, must necessarily be somewhat free and easy as to morals. The absence of the refining and humanising influence of European women of the better sort must largely be accountable for this.

No one with any first-hand knowledge of him will pretend that the South African native is an angel. He is not. And no missionary effort is likely to make him one. But it must be confessed that in many respects his morals are naturally purer than those of the so-called Christians who invade his country in shoals, bringing with them the Bible, the Bottle, Blasphemy, and Debauchery. Upon the genuine morality of the native races the presence of Europeans descends like a blight. The simple but stern system of ethics which, as in the case of the Zulus, contributed to produce one of the finest races—at any rate, from the point of view of physique—the world has ever seen, is swept aside, and the easy morality of Europeans, with its consequent physical degeneration, is substituted in its stead.

We may rescue them from the grip of beri-beri and other equatorial maladies; but we bring them in exchange small-pox, consumption, and other unnameable diseases. We may teach them to be less bloodthirsty, but at the same time we awaken in them an uncontrollable thirst for whisky (?) and gin (?). We send out missionaries to rouse their souls to a consciousness of the brotherhood of man, and follow it up by kicking them off the pavement in Johannesburg.

It would not be so bad if the whole thing were not cloaked in so much hypocrisy. That is the damnable part of it. Let us once fairly realise what influence the presence of Europeans exerts over the native in nine cases out of ten, and we shall have made the first move towards a better order of things.

GOLD ANALYSED.

(A LITTLE PARABLE.)

In the beginning there was much Gold, and the mighty possessed it all. Then the weak and the poor and the disinherited murmured and asked for pity—then justice—then became troublesome. Then the rich and the powerful, who possessed all, had compassion, pitied the poor, and said: "Come, brethren, come and take the greater portion of it; we will keep only one-fourth for ourselves and give ye the remaining three-fourths." Thus saying, they kept £ for themselves and gave the poor G.O.D.

A. ARDONTZ.

HEBE BANKRUPT; A SOLILOQUY.

To flee, or not to flee, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to dupe my
Outraged and deluded creditors by flight;
Or to drive a motor 'gainst a strong sea wall,
Then, by a little scheming, hatch a plot
The sheer audacity of which shall set folks saying:
"Here is an adventuress of no mean type. A woman
Who, in the flesh could be
In half-a-dozen places simultaneously,
O'er whose doings young and old will laugh,
And all the 'dailies' send a special staff
To trace her whereabouts."
Who will elude them, but provide such sport
That all the world will hope she is not caught.
The scheme is ripe. (It really takes the biscuit.)
Now to make my mind up. Yes! I'll risk it!

J. E. S.

CROSS-EXAMINATIONS.

By Herbert Vivian.

III.—MR. PUNCH.

Mr. Vivian.—You are the national jester—the homunculus of humour? A merry, jolly dog?

Witness.—I think I may say so.

Mr. Vivian.—You never say anything ill-natured or unkind?

Witness.—No, hardly ever.

Mr. Vivian.—Not even when you strongly disapprove of something or somebody?

Witness.—Of course, I am not merely a buffoon. (*Laughter, promptly suppressed.*) I am sometimes a cynic as well as an humourist. I ridicule people who deserve ridicule.

Mr. Vivian.—At the time of the Indian Mutiny you ridiculed the Indians by suggesting that they ought to be massacred?

Witness.—You were probably not alive at the time. You cannot realise the vehemence of public feeling after the episode of the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Mr. Vivian.—I can quite appreciate the idea of a massacre after such an outrage. But you do not quite take my point. Is there anything comic about either an outrage or a massacre?

Witness.—Public opinion has matured considerably with regard to good taste during the last generation or so.

Mr. Vivian.—I see no evidence of maturity in your taste. You are a great admirer of the Chamberlain family, I think?

Witness.—I admire the late Colonial Secretary.

Mr. Vivian.—And his son?

Witness.—In a less degree.

Mr. Vivian.—Naturally: but in a sufficient degree to induce you to write violent verses when that silly son was pourtrayed in the *Pall Mall Magazine*?

Witness.—Quite possibly.

Mr. Vivian.—You almost establish a dynasty. But let us deal with the father for the moment. You consider it indecent and almost blasphemous to criticise him in any way?

Witness.—Certainly, now that he is laid low by disease.

Mr. Vivian.—In spite of the fact that he has just announced his intention to stand again for West Birmingham at the next election? The fact that he still considers himself an active politician does not affect your opinion that his misfortunes have placed him on a pedestal where he is entitled to respect, if not to adoration?

Witness.—The fact that his constituents do not wish him to retire is an additional tribute to his greatness.

Mr. Vivian.—Or to the organisation of his capitalists? I think you have compared him to a sick lion? Was that very respectful?

Witness.—The lion is a king of beasts.

Mr. Vivian.—Of beasts?

Witness.—Of the animal creation—the type of courage.

Mr. Vivian.—You had an object in comparing Mr. Chamberlain to a lion?

Witness.—I certainly regard him as a noble type of creation.

Mr. Vivian.—Although he is not one of the chosen people? You published some verses the other day, entitled "In the Old Lion's Den," with reference to Mr. Churchill's visit to Birmingham. You sneered at his "courage fine and rare" in going "to beard the lion in his native lair, knowing full well the lion wasn't there." Was this a hiccough of the cheap sneer in which certain yellow papers made merry over the fact that Mr. Churchill failed to find any lions during his recent visit to Africa?

Witness.—It may have been.

Mr. Vivian.—Don't prevaricate. You *may* have hunted for lions in Fleet Street. In that case you certainly did not capture any for the staff of *Punch*. Come now, give me a plain answer to a plain question. Did you or did you not intend to sneer at Mr. Churchill's failure to find lions in Uganda?

Witness.—I admit that something of that sort was in my mind.

Mr. Vivian.—A cheap sneer, worthy of the traditions of Mr. Pontius Punch. Can you give me a single instance of lack of courage on the part of Mr. Churchill?

Witness.—I certainly don't think there was any conspicuous gallantry in visiting Mr. Chamberlain's stronghold when he was ill in bed.

Mr. Vivian.—Why not?

Witness.—My poem has already answered that. It was like announcing a lion-hunt with the full knowledge that no lions were to be found.

Mr. Vivian.—Well, I take your analogy. Supposing that Mr. Chamberlain were perfectly well, would he have attended Mr. Churchill's meeting and torn him to pieces?

Witness.—Certainly not.

Mr. Vivian.—He would have had no opportunity of demolishing him in argument?

Witness.—That is so.

Mr. Vivian.—Nor has Mr. Churchill ever shrunk from meeting Mr. Chamberlain in debate in the House of Commons?

Witness.—Perhaps not, but he has always had the worst of it.

Mr. Vivian.—That may be your opinion, but I am not asking you that. Has he ever shrunk from meeting him?

Witness.—No.

Mr. Vivian.—Then your taunt about the absent lion falls to the ground? If you were alluding to the prospect of a tumult, would the absence of Mr. Chamberlain affect it one way or the other? You are surely not suggesting that he ever organised riots at Aston or elsewhere?

Witness.—Certainly not.

Mr. Vivian.—Not even when the present Chancellor of the Exchequer had to escape in the guise of a policeman?

Witness.—Of course Joe had nothing to do with that.

Mr. Vivian.—In fact, any danger attending a visit to Birmingham is entirely independent of the presence or absence of Mr. Chamberlain? Indeed, if your sentiments are shared by his followers, they would be more likely to resent an incursion during the man's absence?

Witness.—I was not alluding to physical danger.

Mr. Vivian.—Nor to any other danger?

Witness.—Anyhow, I did not think it good form to invade Mr. Chamberlain's preserves while he lies on a bed of sickness.

Mr. Vivian.—In other words, there are to be no Liberal meetings at Birmingham until Mr. Chamberlain recovers or retires from politics?

Witness.—I do not say that. But a remonstrance was certainly called for.

Mr. Vivian.—And every insult was justified so long as it was characterised by violence. For instance, I see you presumed to call Mr. Churchill a deserter. Pray, whom or what did he desert?

Witness.—The Unionist Party.

Mr. Vivian.—But only when the Unionist Party had deserted its principles. Do you consider that fidelity belongs to a party rather than to principles?

Witness.—Well, he should not have suggested that Mr. Chamberlain is a renegade.

Mr. Vivian.—The greater the truth the greater the libel, I suppose? I see that you claim generosity for Mr. Chamberlain's resignation of office and suggest that the object was "best to serve his loved Imperial race." What on earth did you mean by that?

Witness.—Everyone knows that Mr. Chamberlain has devoted himself unflaggingly to the cause of the Empire.

Mr. Vivian.—I have heard him say so. What do you mean by Empire?

Witness.—I mean knitting together the bonds of the mother country and the colonies by means of a protective tariff.

Mr. Vivian.—I thought so. But how did his resignation "serve his loved Imperial race"? Because his advocacy was sufficient to damage any policy he supported?

Witness.—Not at all. It was a matter of policy. Mr. Balfour——

Mr. Vivian.—In fact it was a political trick, and, when you call it a generous surrender of power and place, you are talking through your hat. But perhaps it was all a joke?

Witness.—No, I was perfectly serious.

Mr. Vivian.—You generally are. Most of all on those rare occasions when you attempt to be funny. But you will do well to be careful in future if you want to avoid a prosecution for Contempt. I can stand a fool, even a professional fool, but not an ill-natured fool. Stand down.

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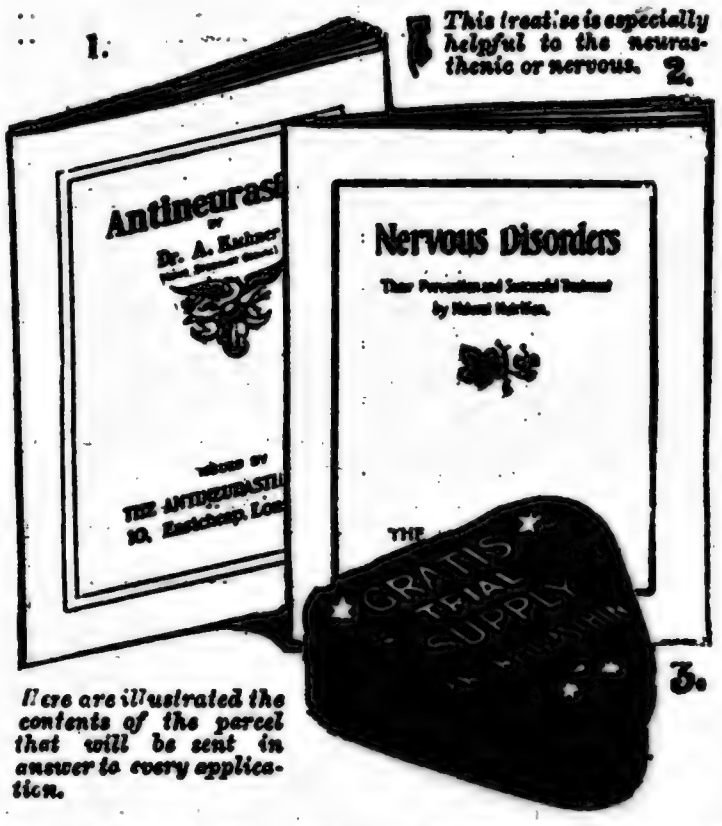

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THE HURLY BURLY.

By THEODORE DAHLE.

LOBB'S LATEST INTERVIEWS WITH THE DEAD.

My old, tried, and esteemed friend, brother Lobb—"Mr. John Lobb, F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., of London," as the Exeter *Express and Echo* describes him—serenely bobbed up in that delightful city a few evenings ago, to address the populace on "Some Recent Interviews with the Dead." At the outset I want to say that John is the most successful interviewer of dead men within my knowledge. I have tried to interview dead men myself, but they decline to speak to me. They take to John like a brother. There is a magnetic something about him which wins their hearts.

"Some of the London journalists have seen the spirits," he told his Exeter audience; "aye, and heard them too, and they had said to him, 'John, it's coming round,'" but I do not gather from the reporter that John revealed who paid for the round. Then he casually mentioned that Mr. Gladstone and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts were with him wherever he went. Evidently the Baroness does not know that John is married, and he had better mention it at once to save trouble at home. I had the honour to converse with Gladstone on more than one occasion while he was alive. Of late years I have lost sight of him; but if it be true that my right hon. friend is always with John now that he is dead, I shall certainly inform the Liberal party where he is to be found. It seems to me unreasonable that he should lavish on Lobb the care, attention, and guidance which would be invaluable to Asquith, especially when I recall the text from which John started his discourse, "I will not leave you comfortless, but will come to you." (St. John xviii. 14.) It is possible, I admit, that my right hon. friend has forgotten to come, so Mr. Asquith may as well drop him a note.

There was a time when John's interviews with the dead were confined to Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. Probably I shall be correct in saying that these talented comedians, deeply lamented by all who knew them, introduced him to other deceased colleagues from time to time. However that may be, it would appear that John, in addition to his inseparable companions, the Baroness and Gladstone, has made a friendship with such eminent people as Mr. William Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, and Grace Darling. Not merely a nodding, how-do-you-do acquaintance, mark you, but a close and intimate companionship. "Shakespeare," quoth John, "is often at my bedside"; and from what I know of the marked politeness of John on all high ceremonial occasions, I cannot doubt that he invites his distinguished visitor to take a seat. It appears that the last time he had a talk with the reputed author of Hamlet and other verses, John tackled him on the great question of Bacon. "Look here," quoth he, "tell me frankly, did you write the plays attributed to you, or did you not?" In face of that appeal William could not tell a lie, and he not only owned up that he didn't write the plays, but that he stole most of 'em, and Bacon wrote the rest. Shortly afterwards, Shakespeare left the room, though I believe there is no truth in the rumour that it was because John threatened to give him in charge.

Curiously enough, Bacon called on John as soon as ever he could get a day off, whether very early in the morning or very late in the evening I do not know. It is a singular fact, however, that most of the immortal dead who visit John find him in bed at the time. "Bacon also came to my bedside," said John, "and confirmed what Shakespeare had said." So that the Bakespeare-Shakon controversy may now be regarded as at an end. It is for ever settled; and hereby I trample Shakespeare in the dust as a fraud, a delusion, and a snare. John deserves the gratitude of all lovers of truth for his priceless services in the unmasking of the most daring literary fraud in the history of this great nation; and if I can persuade the London County Council to erect a statue to him in Trafalgar Square, I will gladly defray the cost of the putty.

I have said that John knows Grace Darling. It should be added that she comes to his bedside also. I do not approve of her conduct. If I may be allowed to say so, I think she is most indiscreet. What would the congregation say, what would the vicar think, if they knew? Happily, it is not my business to interfere. The last time Grace saw John in his "resting-place," as he delicately put it, she told him—but I had better quote his own words. "She told me," he said, "that she was now at the head of a band of spirit warriors who went to work on the mighty deep. Mariners are more easily influenced than others, and in numberless instances this band turns vessels into different courses, and saves hundreds of lives by so doing." I cannot speak in sufficiently high terms of Grace's kindness and consideration for others. This marked solicitude is what I should have expected of her from what I have read of her gallant conduct on a former occasion, and if at any time I can do anything for her, if she is ever in trouble—and I feel sure in this matter I can also speak on behalf of brother Lobb—I hope she will command my services. Meanwhile, I will recommend her to the special notice of Lloyd's, hoping to secure her a good bonus on the insurances effected. Concluding, John told his audience that "with regard to his new book, he had been greatly assisted by Shakespeare in writing it." I am sorry for him; I am sorry for the book. He should have employed Bacon.

THE SUBSCRIPTION LIST WILL CLOSE ON OR BEFORE THURSDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1909.

ARGENTINE
ESTATES OF BOVRIL LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1907.)

Share capital - £700,000
DIVIDED INTO

400,000 Six per cent. Cumulative Preference and Participating Shares of £1 each	£400,000
300,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each	300,000
	£700,000

The Preference and Participating Shares are entitled to a Cumulative Preferential Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum, and will, after a Cumulative Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum has been paid on the Ordinary Shares, be entitledto participate in the surplus profits then remaining available for dividend to the extent of one-fourth of such surplus profits. The Preference and Participating Shares also rank in priority to the Ordinary Shares as regards capital, and, in the event of liquidation, are entitled to one-quarter of any surplus assets remaining after repayment of the amount paid up on the Ordinary Shares.

Issue of 350,000 of the above-mentioned Six per cent. Cumulative Preference and Participating Shares of £1 each at par.

Payable as follows:

On Application	£0	3	6 per Share.
On Allotment	0	7	6 "
On April 1st, 1909	0	5	0
On June 1st, 1909	0	5	0
	£1	0	0

Of the Ordinary Shares, 204,500 have been subscribed for in cash and will be allotted.

DIRECTORS:

GEORGE LAWSON JOHNSTON (Chairman), 160, Old Street, E.C., Vice-Chairman, Bovril, Ltd.
The LORD HYDE, D.L., 31, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.
J. KADE, Director of Ernesto Tornquist and Cia., Limitada, 531, Calle Bartolome Mitre, Buenos Aires.
F. MAYHEW CUTBUSH, The Hobby, Maidstone.
HUGO MICHELIS, 27, Rue Van Pelt, Antwerp, Director of the Credit Foncier Sud-Americain Societe Anonyme at Antwerp.
Baron WILHELM von MIRBACH, 81, Avenue Isabelle, Antwerp, Antwerp Manager of the Compagnie des Produits Kemmerich Societe Anonyme, and of the Societe Anonyme Industrielle et Pastorale Belge Sud Americaine.
MILES A. PASMAN, 132, Calle San Martin, Buenos Aires, Managing Director, Sociedad Anonima "Estancia y Colonias Curamalan" (Argentina), Managing Director, Compania de Carnes Congeladas (Frozen Meat), Buenos Aires.
ANDREW WALKER, 160, Old Street, E.C., Managing Director, Bovril, Ltd.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS:

The RIVER PLATE TRUST, LOAN, AND AGENCY COMPANY, Limited, 52, Moorgate Street, London, E.C.

BANKERS:

The LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, Limited, Princes Street, London, E.C.

SOLICITORS:

For the Company, ARMITAGE & CHAPPLE, 55, Bishopsgate St., Within, E.C.
For Bovril, Limited, NEISH, HOWELL, & HALDANE, 47, Watling St., E.C.

AUDITORS:

JACKSON, PIXLEY, BROWNING, HUSEY, & CO., 58, Coleman Street, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES:

ALEX. L. M. PEATE, 160, Old Street, London, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring a group of freehold Estancias (large farms) stocked with upwards of 100,000 head of cattle, together with two extract of beef factories, situated in the Provinces of Entre Rios and Santa Fe, in the Argentine Republic.

The two factories are Santa Elena, situated in the Province of Entre Rios, on the River Parana, and San Javier, situated in the Province of Santa Fe. They are fully equipped for the manufacture of extract of beef and other beef preparations, and for some years a substantial proportion of the raw material required for the manufacture of Bovril has been prepared at these factories.

The Estancias which will be acquired by the Company adjoin the factories, and are of an approximate total of 177,257 hectareas, which is the equivalent of 438,076 acres or thereabouts.

In addition to the above freehold Estancias, the Company will take over three other Estancias which are held on rental.

It is estimated that the profits of the Company from the commencement will be more than sufficient to pay the Debenture interest and the dividend on the Preference and Participating Shares, but in any event the six per cent. dividend on the Preference and Participating Shares for the five years from 1st February, 1909, is guaranteed as to one-third by Bovril, Limited, and as to two-thirds by the Compagnie des Produits Kemmerich Societe Anonyme a Anvers and the Societe Anonyme Industrielle et Pastorale Belge Sud Americaine a Anvers, two of the Vendors, and any sums paid by them under these guarantees are repayable only out of the future profits of the Company remaining after payment of the Preference dividend of six per cent.

This advertisement is intended as a notification that a Prospectus is now being issued by the Argentina Estates of Bovril Ltd., and applications for shares will only be received on the terms of the prospectus filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, and upon the application form to be obtained therewith.

Prospectus and forms of application can be obtained at the Bankers and Solicitors, or from the offices of Bovril Limited, and of the Company, 160, Old Street, London, E.C.

SEND THIS FOR PROSPECTUS.

To BOVRIL LIMITED, 160, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Please send me a Prospectus of the Argentine Estates of Bovril Limited.

Name .....

Address .....

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

How to Clean your Lace.

It is advisable not to wait till lace is really dirty, as then the following very easy method suffices to make it quite nice and fresh once more:—Rub into it a mixture of equal quantities of fine salt and flour, leave it awhile, then shake out and brush, and lo! the trick is done. But sometimes it must have soap and water; in that case commence by repairing any broken threads. Then make a lather by shredding soap into boiling water, and when cool enough pop in your lace. Do not vigorously rub it, but just move it about and very gingerly squeeze it. Then rinse it in several relays of tepid water. To iron the precious fabric fold up a soft blanket; on top of which place a layer of fine white nainsook. Then spread out your lace and turn up an end of the nainsook over it. Use a moderately hot iron, and iron on the wrong side of the lace itself. Sometimes the chief beauty of a band of lace lies in its design being in high relief. In such a case no iron must approach. While still wet, wind it neatly round a jar or bottle, pulling it out tidily just as you want it to set when dry, and leave it thus. A shaped collar—which, of course, could not very well be wound round a bottle in this manner—may be pulled into form and carefully pinned on to a towel, which is then hung up to dry. If the lace is to be slightly stiffened—and it is almost sure to look much the better for this slight attention—the stiffening material should be added to the last of the series of rinsing water. A little sugar is a simple device, or a portion of gum arabic solution. Lace gains a certain stiffness if ironed while still damp, and if it be dipped into milk first this makes it about one degree stiffer still. If we want to blossom forth with ecru-tinted lace, the colouring matter may likewise be added with the final rinse. A little coffee or cold tea sounds prosaic, but has a charming effect; so have a very few crystals of permanganate of potash—just the same stuff that the careful housewife keeps handy for flushing the drains. Whatever you use, experiment first on a bit of muslin: and iron your test piece, too, as in some cases the heat has a distinct effect upon the tone.

Smart and Seemly Rinking Attire.

Roller-skating—for some time almost abandoned to the merry street urchin—has taken a sudden hold upon the affections of the well-to-do, both in Paris and England. It goes without saying that to many a fair maid this sudden enthusiasm for rinking has been made the excuse for an entirely new outfit. And, indeed, a special costume is almost necessary. After all, skating is a vigorous exercise, that would really be best performed in a gymnasium costume, but since this notion is about fifty years too advanced, it behoves us to consider how we can combine comfort and elegance with a skirt reaching to our ankles. It need scarcely be said that knickers of satin, or of the same material as the costume, are universally worn for a diversion where even the most accomplished would be unwise to bet too largely on never having a spill. Over this is usually worn a kilted or pleated skirt, as no other style looks so pretty when swaying with the movements of the wearer. The skirt may be unlined, but some fascinating effects are got by sporting a silk lining of a vivid contrasting colour. A silk petticoat also is not unusual, and it must be confessed that the whirl of dainty underskirts has great attractions. A small, comfortable hat is advised for the wearer's own sake, while spikey quills and feathers should be tabooed on altruistic grounds. Skating being warm work, the get-up must not be too heavy. However, that luxurious-looking material, velvet, is very popular, and if made in a severely simple style is hard to beat. A little blouse of tucked net, worn with a cloth skirt of the same colour, and finished by a smart belt and collar is the type of costume that is adopted by the majority of our most accomplished women-skaters. A touch of fur is always suitable for winter wear, but over-much looks strangely out of place for this athletic diversion.

Fashion's Fads.

The furriers have got a new idea. They are seeing what they can do to utilise weasel as a fur for ladies' wear. The red-brown fur and white waistcoat of the little beastie ought to be very attractive, but up to the present he has had that objectionable quality that for so long made mole-skin useless—to put it mildly and politely—he smells! However, it seems that a treatment has been—or is being—discovered that is to do away with this.

The most up-to-date trimming for hats just now is grapes. These are made either of silk or velvet, or of glass. In the latter case they counterfeit the real fruit so perfectly as to make one's mouth water. As a rule, the makers keep to the natural colouring, purple grapes with a rich bloom on their cheeks being first favourite.

A Sevenpenny Lotion for Rheumatism.

Here is an excellent lotion to rub a rheumatic shoulder or stiff knee with, at so moderate a cost that ladies who visit the poor old people who suffer so often in such a way can readily supply bottles of the useful embrocation all round. Get the chemist to mix in a bottle one pennyworth each of the following, and shake well when using to mix all together—turpentine, laudanum, chloroform, soap liniment, hartshorn, camphorated oil, and oil of thyme.

SOMERVILLE'S Scotch WHISKIES

DIRECT FROM SCOTLAND AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces.

Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? We absolutely guarantee **every drop** of our Whisky to be more than the age stated in this advertisement.

	3 Bottles.	
15 Years Old...	13/6	Post Free.
10 Years Old...	11/-	
6 Years Old...	9/6	

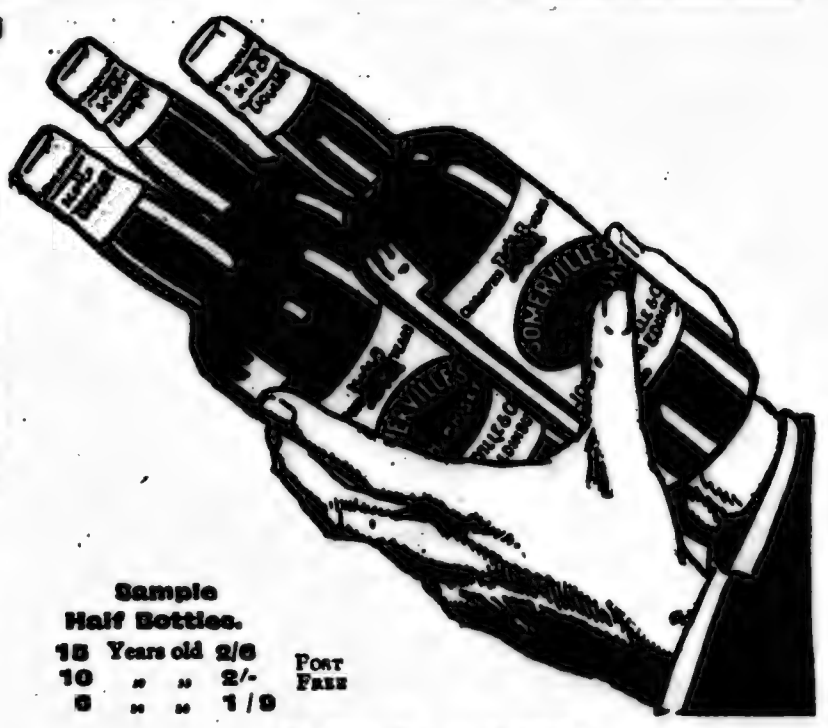
Carriage Paid to nearest Railway Station.

	6 Bottles.	12 Bottles.	In Jars of 4 & 6 Gals.	In Casks of 6 Gals. & upwards.
15 Years Old	26/6	52/-	25/6 per Gal.	25/- per Gal.
10 Years Old	21/6	42/-	20/6 „	20/- „
6 Years Old	18/6	36/-	17/6 „	17/- „

PACKING FREE

Special Terms for Exportation and to Large Buyers.

JOHN SOMERVILLE & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.
(ESTABLISHED 1826.)



Sample Half Bottles.

15	Years old	2/6	Post Free
10	„	2/-	
6	„	1/9	

SPECIAL OFFER
ORDER FORM.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd.,
Distillers, Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance, value ..... for which please send me .....gals. bots. of your Specially Selected Fully Guaranteed ..... Years Old Scotch Whisky, on condition that if it is not the finest whisky I have ever tasted (price considered) I am at liberty to return it and you will refund my money. J.B. 6/2/09.

Name.....

Address .....

OPEN LETTERS, POST-CARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser Wilhelm, Berlin.

DEAR KAISER,—I notice from the newspapers that you have now attained years of discretion, having, to be precise, reached your fiftieth birthday. Allow me to wish you many happy returns of whatever day it was when you did it. I am sure you were wise in retiring from the advertising business, as there are so many at it. You will do a lot better, I feel sure, as a sort of dumb man, for no man learneth the wisdom of speech till he practiseth the virtue of silence. To keep silence in seven languages is a good principle for people in the King line nowadays, because if there is a rumpus over what the other man said for you you can sit down in the old arm-chair and watch the row in comfort. On ceremonial occasions, of course, there is no good reason why you should not say a word or two for yourself—or when you have the honour of meeting Uncle Edward by a cosy fire in your smoking-room, when you may relieve your mind of all your unpublished indiscretions. He won't reveal the same for publication by either accident or design; being the most tactful diplomatist in Europe.

I tell you this, not only because you are naturally no diplomatist, but because you have naturally no tact. However, I am glad to note that you are not now letting off your fireworks among continental gunpowder barrels, and not wasting your money on telegrams and epistles on things in general. Continue in this way for a little while longer, and we shall soon forget the past. JOHN BULL.

To the Queen of Holland, The Hague.

MADAM,—It will delight the heart of your Majesty to know that your loyal and devoted subjects are getting the things ready. A rosewood cradle is to be presented to you by Amsterdam, Zealand has determined to offer a mail-cart, Leeuwarden will present a golden rattle, and Zaandam will send a swing. Your Majesty will perceive that these choice gifts must try the national thrift to the utmost, and that any failure in your Majesty's personal arrangements will be keenly felt throughout the entire nation; for in that case all the goods will be thrown on its hands. I trust, therefore, that your Majesty will make special efforts to carry out the programme as arranged. With great respect,

JOHN BULL.

To the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.

MY LORD,—Kindly explain whether it was in your power to unfrock Pigott, and if so, why you contented yourself with pronouncing him incapable of holding preferment. Surely you do not regard that as a punishment at all, particularly when you must know very well that he cannot have the faintest idea of seeking preferment in the Church, and that, even if he had, no sane patron of a living could be found to gratify his desires? If, on the other hand, you had no power to kick the dirty creature out of the Church, then you must agree with me that there is something very wrong about the Church's constitution. Look to it, my Lord—whilst there is yet time. JOHN BULL.

To Captain Hamilton, Chief of Fire Brigade, London.

MY DEAR CAP'N,—Some time ago I wrote to you concerning your refusal to promote sub-officer Etherden and two others on the ground of their excess of fat. Since his reduction to the ranks I learn that Etherden has devoted, under the advice of a West-end physician, a great part of his spare time to the study of fat from all points of view, and has improved the shining hour to such an extent that he is now 25lbs. lighter, and can climb through a door or a window without inconvenience or embarrassment.

Consequently this is to request you to take the great fat question, so far as it applies to Etherden, into serious, and even prayerful, consideration once more. I anticipate your objection that you would prefer to wait and see whether the 25lbs. is a permanent loss or a temporary evaporation. My information, however, is that if Etherden continues with the physical culture, persists with the medicine, and abstains from all nourishing foods, he will keep lean enough to satisfy the most fastidious tastes until he is fully qualified for a first-class officer's pension. I shall be glad to have your views on this pressing matter as early as possible, as it would be unwise of Etherden to shed his fat in this prodigal way if he is without visible prospects.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. A. F. Collins, Poor Law Offices, Lambeth.

SIR,—It does not appear to me that you are quite a fit and proper person to perform the duties of a Guardian of the poor, though I am not saying that, with a little more practice, you would not make a successful pugilist. But in practising the noble art, it would be more fitting, I think, if you selected some sphere of activity less in the public glare than the meetings of the body of which you are at present a member. At a recent committee meeting you struck one of your colleagues, the Rev. Mr. Hobbes, though he is an old man; and at another meeting you threatened to thrash the whole lot of them, challenged one of them to come outside and have a go, and shook your fist in his face. From time to time, too, you have threatened to horsewhip the members, and generally sacrificed the dignity and decorum of public life and public service to displays and threats of violence which neither the ruthless Russian, nor the terrible Turk, nor a man named Johnson would introduce into the amenities of debate.

This being so, it appears to me that those who elected you will be well advised to leave you at the bottom of the poll when next you go before them. In any public body a bully in speech is contemptible, but a bully in action is intolerable. One of your colleagues suggested that you ought to be "put outside the window." I cannot, however, see that any good object would be served by putting you outside the window while you have a legal right to come in at the door. But why not voluntarily resign, so that you may go into training with the object of challenging Hackenschmidt or Johnson in the Græco-Roman, catch-as-catch-can, Yankee-Negro, or any other style suitable for the occasion? Judging by your prowess on the Lambeth Board, I gather that these eminent gentlemen are about your weight. Anyhow, let me tell you, sir, once and for all, that a Guardians' meeting is not, or ought not to be, either a prize-ring, a bear garden, or a fish market, and that the sooner you clear out, or are cleared out, of the office you hold, the better for the credit of Lambeth. As a member of the Board you strike me as being a dangerous nuisance.

JOHN BULL.

To Chevalier Marconi.

SIR,—Let me congratulate you on the splendid human service the wireless instruments of the White Star Liner "Republic" were able to render to its passengers and crew on its collision with the "Florida." Distress signals were made by wireless telegraph, were caught up by the receivers on other vessels at considerable distances, and presently five liners and six other vessels were speeding to save every soul aboard.

This is an age of many wonders, and the invention by the perfection of which you have won world-wide fame is one of the greatest of them; destined, it may be, to still more wonderful developments. Now that wireless telegraphy has proved itself to those in peril on the sea, you may reasonably hope the time is not far distant when every vessel, small and great, will carry Marconi instruments. It may be that, in the next naval war in which the ships of Britain are engaged, the Admiralty will be able to send from Whitehall wireless instructions to their admirals in the fight hundreds of miles away. So, sir, as you have done magnificent service in peace, you may render not less magnificent service in war. I lift my glass to you, drinking your good health and long, happy, prosperous, and still more famous days.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. Justice Darling, Royal Courts of Justice.

Congratulations on abandonment of Rutland Assizes on account of no prisoners. Good example to colleagues. Evidently you prefer to buy your white gloves as you want them. BULL.

Keir Hardie, M.P.

Currently reported that on your leaving Labour Conference lady threw arms round your neck and kissed you. Have you informed wife? BULL.

Pete Curran, M.P.

Notice your name among vice-presidents of new Aerial League. Labour Party surprised at you. Never thought you yearned to be among the upper classes. BULL.

Admiral Fremantle, United Service Club, London.

Cannot understand why you advised old cabmen to induce their sons to march with the times. Much better they should drive taxicabs. BULL.

A TOO-OPEN DOOR.

A TOO-OPEN DOOR.

JOHN BULL: "Here, Mrs. Asquith, why did you leave that door open?"
HOUSEKEEPER: "Deary me! Mrs. Balfour told me she 'ooked it when she went out."

IN THE CITY.

BANK DIVIDENDS.

"John Bull's" Prediction Verified.

In our issue of December 5th we said that the second half-year of 1908 would show reduced profits—with the necessary corollary of reduced dividends—for the Joint Stock Banks.

Our prediction has been justified to the letter. Notwithstanding that, for the first time for a considerable period, they were not under the painful necessity of writing down securities, almost without exception the great banks have shown considerably reduced profits; and although in several cases dividends have not been reduced accordingly, that only serves to illustrate the more strikingly the truth of our contention, that however desirable reduction might be, "in the opinion of a bank director—anything is preferable to reducing his dividend."

To show to what straits and stratagems some of these directors have been put, in their endeavours to maintain their rate of dividend, it is sufficient to point to the accounts of the London and South Western Bank, which reveal the fact that Consols have been taken into the balance-sheet at a fictitious price.

£750,000 of Consols are taken at 85, although the cash price on December 31st, 1908, was 84 only. We do not suggest that the other assets are over-valued in the same way, but there is nothing to show that they are not.

We say emphatically that in no case should a bank value its securities at anything over the current market price, and that the old practice of taking them at a considerably lower value is the only really sound one, and the only one that conduces to those essentials of good banking—absolute strength, ample resources and absence of strain.

It is all very well for trust companies, or even insurance companies, to value their securities at cost, or at approximate values, but for one of the great clearing banks—which may be called upon to repay its enormous deposits at a minute's notice—to enter securities in its balance-sheet at a fictitious price is, indeed, a new departure, and one that we venture to hope will not be followed.

Want of space forbids us to give an exhaustive review of the banking accounts just published, but there are a few special points which we think it well to emphasise.

In the first place, we would draw attention to an undesirable form of statement adopted by the London City and Midland Bank, which—by its recent amalgamation with the North and South Wales Bank—has now become one of the most, if not the most, colossal of the institutions now fashionable in the banking world.

We refer to the two most important items of the balance-sheet, one on either side, which are given as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Current Deposit *and other Accounts*	66,974,403	2	5
Advances on Current Accounts, Loans on Security *and other Accounts*	34,002,460	17	5

Now we say that this is a most improper form of entry. We do not suggest for one moment that in this particular case the words—*and other accounts*—cover anything wrong, or undesirable. But it is obvious, on the face of it, that such a form of entry might be used to cover up an indefinite amount of unsound, illegitimate, and indefensible business, and we therefore repeat that it is most improper that one of the leading banks of the country should set such an example of book-keeping to smaller institutions.

The London City and Midland Bank, by the way, is one of the few banks which has not had to declare a reduced dividend, but, in consequence of the amalgamation referred to above, it is impossible to accurately compare its figures with those of preceding half-years.

We regret to be obliged to draw attention to the remarkable number of cases in which the banks have been the victims of criminal practices—in only too many cases at the hands of their own employés. Whatever their shortcomings, bank clerks are drawn from a peculiarly steady and respectable stratum of society; and the fact that within the past year so many of them should have been turned into convicted criminals cannot but give rise to the suspicion that there must be some very strong influence at work for evil. We shall have occasion to deal more fully with this matter later on, but in the meanwhile we would seriously invite the directors, the shareholders, and the staffs themselves, to consider whether the root of the evil does not lie in the fact that bank clerks as a body are shockingly underpaid.

THE LINOTYPE AND MACHINERY, LTD.

We have from time to time directed attention to the affairs of this company and the companies which in its reconstructed form it represents, and have pointed out that unless the downward course was stayed collapse was inevitable. At the annual meeting of the company in November the Chairman stated that certain negotiations were pending with the object of putting the enterprise on a better footing. It now appears, from a lengthy circular issued to shareholders, that Sir Joseph Lawrence's idea of putting a company on "a better footing" is to hand it over, lock, stock, and barrel, to a rival concern. In this circular it is stated that a scheme has been prepared which provides for the sale of the majority of the shares of the English company to the Mergenthaler Linotype Company of America. The agreement also provides for the transfer to the latter of the Canadian Linotype business and assets free from all debt. The American company has a capital of $15,000,000 in $100 shares, of which $10,996,000 has been issued, and proposes to hand over to the Linotype and Machinery 14,700 shares in exchange for the existing Ordinary and Preference shares. The Mergenthaler shares would be vested in a holding company, and, provided the present dividend is maintained, would produce an annual revenue of £45,464. Preference shareholders of the English concern will receive at the rate of 10s. per share and the Ordinary at the rate of 2s. 6d. per share, meaning that future dividends will be at the rate of about 4 per cent. and 1 per cent. per annum respectively, which is much more than they seem ever likely to receive under existing conditions. The aggregate market value of the shares offered by the American business is £628,917, compared with £311,102, the market value of the Linotype and Machinery Company.

We give below a letter from a shareholder who thinks that the company might still be made a prosperous concern if only the present board were got rid of. It is possible, although the difficulties in the way, thanks largely to the ineptitude of this board in the past, would make recovery most difficult. But there is not the slightest likelihood of getting rid of the board, and therefore we think that in the circumstances the Linotype shareholders had better accept what is now offered to them. It is at least better than nothing. Our correspondent writes:—

> An important circular has been issued to the shareholders of this company, in which suggestions for arrangements with the Mergenthaler Linotype Company of New York are sprung upon them, by the directors, on the ground that such arrangements would be highly advantageous, "inasmuch as it should secure to them the early payment of dividends, of which, under present conditions of competition, there is no immediate prospect." As a shareholder, I have long been of opinion—and have voiced that opinion year after year at the annual meetings—that while the present board of directors remains in power, there is no prospect of any kind for the company, immediate or otherwise.
>
> The step which the board are now desirous of taking, however, is one which should have been brought before the shareholders at an extraordinary meeting. The letters published in the appendix appear to prove at least one very important point—that Mr. Pollen's communications to Mr. Dodge consisted of urgent (one might almost infer frantic) appeals to the Mergenthaler Linotype Company to allow the present board of directors in London to retain their seats, whatever happens! It would have been instructive to the shareholders if copies of Mr. Pollen's letters had been published.
>
> The opinion of the shareholders, who have had experience of this board's mismanagement and incapacity in the past, however, will probably be that, whether or not any arrangement with other companies is arrived at, it would be suicidal to retain any longer in office directors whose policy (from the time they effected—much against the expressed wishes of the body of shareholders—an amalgamation of the Machinery Trust, Limited, with the Linotype Company) has been a long record of muddle and error.
>
> In my opinion, if a proper working arrangement could be come to with other companies, and an able and practical directorate established, dispensing with the services of Sir Joseph Lawrence and his *confrères* (whose previous "amalgamation" arrangement has been so disastrous to the unfortunate shareholders of the Machinery Trust), there is still a future for the Linotype and Machinery, Limited.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.

Mr. Mandeville is making heroic efforts to reorganise this institution. We wish him success. Honestly conducted, there is need for such facilities as the Exchange afforded to the small investor and the small speculator, and although we have never wavered in our view that the latter class is almost bound to lose in the end, it is as well to have some firm who will pay up *if* he wins. But can Mr. Mandeville save the ship?

KAFFIR CONSOLS.

We hear very unsatisfactory accounts of the financial position of this undertaking, which is hopelessly involved in the trouble of the London and Paris Exchange. Shareholders will be well advised to realise—whilst they can.

MR. IMRE KIRALFY'S PROFITS.

Our readers will remember that in criticising Mr. Kiralfy's relations with the Franco-British Exhibition, we stated that he was a principal holder in Exhibitions, Ltd., and realised an enormous profit through that Company by means of its side shows. In the course of a case which came before Mr. Justice Swinfen-Eady recently—a petition for winding up the Shepherd's Bush Improvements, Ltd.—this fact was alleged, and not denied by Mr. Kiralfy. The petition was dismissed, its assertion that the substratum of the Company was gone not having been made out. But there was no denial of the profit made by Mr. Kiralfy, who time and again has told the public that he made nothing out of the exhibition.

NEW ISSUE.

The Argentine Estates of Bovril, Limited, has been formed with a share capital of £700,000, of which 350,000 six per cent. cumulative preference and participating shares of £1 each are now offered. For particulars we direct attention to the prospectus that will be found on page 146, adding that in our opinion these preference shares are a very attractive speculative purchase.

Dividend warrants in payment of the half-yearly dividend on the 6 per cent. Preference Shares of Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, for the half-year ended 31st January, 1909, were posted to the preference shareholders of this Company on 30th January.

The directors of Carreras, Ltd., have declared an interim dividend of 5 per cent. per annum for the past half-year.

At an extraordinary general meeting of the shareholders of the British Mutual Assurance Company, held on the 27th January, 1909, it was unanimously resolved to increase the capital of the company by the issue of 50,000 ordinary shares of £1 each.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST, LIMITED.—T. B. (Harrow).—You need be under no apprehension. The Trust is quite sound.

J. B. MCKENZIE.—H. D. (South Woodford).—We have not the address of this man. Perhaps one of our readers may have it, and will let us know it.

PLASMON BREAD COMPANY, LIMITED.—T. E. B. (Stoke Newington).—There are very few dealings in them.

"OPTIONS" AND "MARGINS."—R. B. (Aberdeen).—Our advice to you is not to dabble in them. We do not recommend brokers.

KAFFIR CONSOLS.—REGULAR READER (Woolwich).—(1) See what we say above. (2) We consider the Grand Trunk Ordinary stock an excellent lock-up purchase.

LOAN UPON HOUSE.—J. W. (Nantwich).—The people you name are all moneylenders of the usual type. You were foolish to begin building your house before you saw your way to go through with it. Is it not possible to sell it as it stands at a price that would pretty well cover your outlay? It is ruinous to have to borrow money from moneylenders in order to complete the house.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—C. W. M. (Herne Hill).—If you want to buy bonds, we should advise you to go elsewhere.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—PITTERN (Manchester).—We think your list a good one, more especially the Steel Company of Scotland, the debentures of which at their present price give an exceptional return, with excellent security.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—G. G. (Eastcheap).—We are obliged to you for the circular, which should be put on the fire with all similar rubbish. J. W.—We know nothing against them, but, if you want to buy stocks and shares, you had much better go to a member of the Stock Exchange. H. T. (Leicester).—Better have nothing to do with them. W. S. T. (Woking).—We do not. If you take our advice, you will have nothing to do with "triple combinations, options," and so on. W. S. (Aintree).—We think it very doubtful whether you could recover. H. H. C. (North Wales).—We do not advise dealings. F. S. (Rochester).—Throw the similar circulars you may receive in the future into the fire.

EADIE'S BREWERY COMPANY.—D. R. (Kensington).—We should retain them. Things may improve by and bye.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY, LIMITED.—H. G. (Goodmayes).—The company seems to us to have treated you shabbily, but it was surely unwise to give up a "life berth with four years of a progressive agreement to run with another good established house," in order to take service with the British American Tobacco Company, Limited, without, as it would seem, anything better than a monthly agreement.

EUSTACE MILES' PROTEID FOODS COMPANY, LIMITED.—R. S. (Lucan).—We should not.

UNITED STOCK AND SHARE CORPORATION.—T. E. B. (Sheffield).—The fire is the place for the circulars you send us. It is surprising that they can mislead any person not fit for a lunatic asylum.

DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY.—X. (Wolverhampton).—We are inclined to agree with you. Upon merits the shares are, in our opinion, much too high at the present quotation.

CHARBONITE MANUFACTURING COMPANY.—J. M. (Southampton).—We have no information.

LLOYDS AND SON, LIMITED.—E. K. (Brecon).—We do not see how we can help you in the matter. The duties of the Director of Public Prosecutions are confined to the investigation and the conduct of criminal cases. The matters contained in your complaint are not such as enable him to offer you either assistance or advice, as the recovery of money is quite foreign to any duty he has to perform. It is clear that the construction of Article 29 would be for a Civil Court, and not for the Director of Public Prosecutions to determine. So with that of Article 91 of the Articles of Association to which you refer us. Moreover, you seem to have accepted an offer made to you for your shares, which surely disposes of the matter.

PANAMA BOND.—J. M. (Glasgow).—The receipt is of no value. The paper has gone into liquidation.

HALFORD AND CO.—LEVITICUS (London).—You are mistaken. There is no connection whatever between this firm and the Mercantile Bank of London.

SALES AND CO.—E. G. F. (Haggerston).—We do not know of any connection between these people and Arthur and Arthur, late of 27, King Street, Cheapside, E.C. M. K. (Bristol).—We note your unhappy experience, but we fear we cannot help you to recover your £5, plus 22s. railway fare.

STATUS OF BANK.—OLDETHORPES (Grimsby).—We should prefer another selection. We look with distrust upon exceptional offers of the kind you mention.

SOUTH MANCHURIAN RAILWAY.—SOHO (Plymouth).—We think the investment a sound one. What we meant in our reply to C. R. was that in the case of a person who has only a small sum to handle, the loss or serious depreciation of which would be of great moment to him, we should prefer some sound Home Industrial security. One can never tell what may happen in Manchuria.

GRAY AND SON.—W. W. (Rotherham).—We are much obliged to you for the information you send us respecting the doings of the man trading under this title.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.—S. R. A. (Machynlleth).—You can get the list from Somerset House upon payment of the fee.

WARING AND GILLOW.—ANXIOUS (Hull).—Having seen them down to their present price, you had better hold on and await developments.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—C. L. (Camberwell), BEAR (Glasgow), and many others.—We do not see what you can do but await the proposals for reorganisation. M. H. C. (Belfast).—You will have seen that a Receiver has been appointed. An attempt is being made to float another Company to take over the business. Have nothing to do with the other people you name.

LOCAL LOANS.—A. B.—We know of no sufficient reason why you should sell just now.

THE EQUITABLE HOUSE PROPERTY COMPANY, LIMITED.—F. B. J. (Nottingham).—We have your letter with its enclosures, but you do not say what is the particular matter upon which, as you think, you have ground for complaint.

INSURANCE ENQUIRIES.

NURSERYMEN, MARKET GARDENERS', AND GENERAL HAILSTORM INSURANCE CORPORATION.—H. G. (Slough).—The Corporation was founded in 1895, and although its operations are necessarily limited it is prosperous. The balance on the working last year was £2,466, or a sum almost equal to the premium income. Besides £10,000 of paid-up capital, the Company now has funds, inclusive of the reserve balance, of £14,596. Its total assets amount to £24,606, of which investments in leading securities amount to £23,969. It has been fortunate during the last year or two in the absence of serious storms.

NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—THOMAS (Dublin).—The prospects for the current quinquennium as regards bonuses are decidedly favourable. The society has introduced a scheme of educational endowments for children which is worthy the attention of parents and guardians. It also allows £100 or larger sum assured by its policies to remain on deposit at 3 per cent. on death of policy-holder for a term not exceeding 20 years.

YORKSHIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—SCOT (Helensburgh).—You should state the facts to the secretary of the company, and, if you do so, they will, no doubt, put the matter straight without penalising you. We quite agree that it is much better to tackle the situation now rather than leave it till the policy matures.

GENERAL ACCIDENT, FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—G. F. (Emsworth).—This company does a large and rapidly increasing fire and accident business in the United Kingdom, accident business in America, and one or other of these descriptions in India, the Colonies, and other foreign countries. It also transacts industrial and life business.

GRESHAM LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.—J. A. M. (Grimsby).—Yes, we consider it a "good, sound office." A quinquennial life bonus of 24s. 6d. per share was paid in 1906. The shareholders are entitled to one-tenth of the divisible valuation profits. The last return showed the interest yield on the assurance funds as particularly good, representing about £4 5s. 5d. per cent. after deduction of income-tax.

BRITISH OAK HOUSE PURCHASE INSURANCE COMPANY.—D. H. (Cardiff).—(1) We know nothing against it. (2) As to the nationalisation of British railways, it is not likely to come in your time.

BRITISH HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—HOPE (Folkestone).—The financial soundness of the corporation is unquestionable. The recent quinquennial valuation showed that, after providing for every liability, there remained a substantial surplus. The corporation, out of their own funds, have advanced very considerable sums to policy-holders, and continue to do so in a satisfactory progressive ratio. The management, in order to facilitate advances, have always made it clear that loans have been obtained from other sources, and, as such advances, both as regards principal and interest, are guaranteed by the corporation, it is evident that the business is being conducted on sound lines. By reason of the extra business being done through utilising outside funds, the profits of the corporation are necessarily augmented, alike to the advantage of the society and the policy-holders. In the circumstances you mention, you would not have a legal claim to the return of premiums, but we have no doubt that if you preferred the advance from the corporation's funds and so expressed yourself at the time of making the application, it would be acceded to. A. S. H. (Colchester).—Your friends have misinformed you. You may rely upon fair treatment from the Corporation.

WESTMINSTER SICK AND ACCIDENT SOCIETY.—A. W. W.—We know nothing against it.

INSURANCE INTEREST.—A. W. P. (Holloway).—Your friends have advised you correctly.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.—H. A. D. (Dublin).—We note that you forwarded your card of membership and a postal order for 6s. on the 31st December, but up to the present you have not heard from them, although you reminded them of the remittance five days ago. Write again, and let us know the result. You probably know that a Receiver has been appointed.

ROCK LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—H. T. B. (Malvern).—It is a first-class Company, with a highly creditable record.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—S. T. (London).—It may be that the agent misled you as stated, but your case appears to have been tried at the City of London Court, with the result that the jury found against you. We do not see how we can help you.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—UNDERCLIFF (Bradford).—After paying in five years, you would be entitled to the surrender value, which is about one-third of the amount you have paid in; but, if you want the return of the whole of the money, you would have to wait as stated by the company.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. R. P. (Ascot).—No, we cannot recommend a Society that "would give better results than the Equitable." Nor do we attach any importance to the point about the shareholders. The Equitable is the oldest of the four mutual non-commission paying British offices, and there are not many offices, if any, in which new entrants can expect to get as much for their money as they are likely to obtain in this great old office. It has yielded magnificent results to its policy-holders in the past, and there are few contemporary institutions that can rival it in bonus-earning capacity.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA FRIENDLY LEGAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. M., JNR. (Peckham).—Your letter relates to a quarrel between yourself and your father about matters of which it is impossible for us to be fully advised, and, anyway, they are not suitable for our columns.

THE MODERN SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—J. D. (Ynyshir).—We do not think so.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

"JUDICIAL CONTEMPT."

As His Majesty's Judges have taken serious notice of us for making comment on pending judicial proceedings, we are moved by the stern dictates of duty to take serious notice of one of their own number, learned brother Ridley to wit. A few days ago he commenced the trial of a case of slander brought by a brewery firm in respect of certain remarks made by a magistrate from the Bench. In opening the case for the plaintiff, Sir Edward Carson quoted from a newspaper observations alleged to have been made by the magistrate. It did not occur to Mr. Justice Ridley that the accuracy of the report might be in question and disputed by the defendant, and before he heard a word of evidence, and on the mere fact that Sir Edward Carson read the quotation in opening, he broke out in this violent way:—

> Mr. Justice Ridley (hotly): A most unjustifiable observation. A most scandalous observation for a man to make of a judge acting in a judicial capacity. It is a deliberate suggestion that Mr. Justice Pickford did not act honestly because he had had brewers for clients before he became a judge. I must say it is a most scandalous thing.

Naturally, this brought up Mr. Rufus Isaacs, and this is what he said:—

> May I suggest to your lordship that nobody is going to justify that observation for a moment. But before comment is passed upon this gentleman, he should have an opportunity of saying whether he said such a thing.

Then it seems to have dawned on the mind of his lordship that he had opened his mouth only to put his foot in it, for the dialogue ends thus:—

> His Lordship: Certainly. If the report is wrong my observation is to be recalled.

Now, his lordship's withdrawal of a premature, one-sided observation would be all very well; but if it is necessary that the comments of outsiders on judicial proceedings *sub judice* should be suppressed with the iron hand, how much more necessary is it that the comments of a judge on matters disputed, and in regard to which not a single word of evidence has been heard in a case he is himself trying, should be suppressed with an iron hand also? He had no right whatever to make them, and if anybody not concerned in the case had made them publicly, they would, in all probability, have been regarded as a flagrant contempt of court. If the Lord Chief Justice, Mr. Justice Walton, and Mr. Justice Bigham had the power to fine some of their colleagues £300 and costs for contempt of their own courts, and exercised it, the unchecked luxury and licence of improper comment on the Bench would be restrained. We forgive learned brother Ridley this time, but if he offends again we shall have to address him in accents of withering severity.

CRUELTY TO PIT PONIES.

Our attention has been directed to the case of three pony drivers—Jas. Stainer, Walter Bates, and Wm. Finney—who were summoned before the Coventry magistrates for having ill-treated a pony at Pooley Hall Colliery, by beating it with a stick. Evidence was given by several witnesses to the effect that they saw the defendant tie the pony to a beam in the pit and then thrash it unmercifully with sticks. The manager of the colliery said the defendants had admitted the offence and expressed a hope that the Bench would be lenient. The pony was very badly injured and was not expected to recover, one of its eyes having been knocked out by the defendants. The Bench described it as a "shocking" case of brutality, and fined Stainer and Bates £2 each and Finney 10s., including costs. Surely this is a case where punishment ought not to have been confined to a mere fine.

POLICE DOCTORS AND THEIR FEES.

The following extract is from a letter sent to us by a medical man, and, from his point of view there is a good deal in it:—

> You consider 7s. 6d. too big a doctor's fee for certifying a "drunk." This is only paid between the hours of 7 p.m. and 7 a.m., and is for a night call. I presume you pay your cabby double after 12. The day charge is 3s. 6d. Consider, also, that the call has to be prompt; it cannot be taken on a round, it will not wait; consultation hours must be ignored and everything be put aside for the fee of 3s. 6d.
>
> In addition to the extremely problematical payment at the time, it may involve attendance at Court, and if on the accused's side, either a demand for your fee or declining to give evidence without, when Justice suffers. The fee you stand a good chance of never getting, and you may have to hang about a stuffy police court from 10.30 a.m. till 3 or 4 in the afternoon.
>
> Now, Sir, what price 2s. 6d. as an adequate fee for these possibilities?

With reference to this same case:—

> Surely the doctor's fee is simply a civil debt which should be recovered in the County Court. If I called in a doctor and he sent in his bill I should feel very much surprised if I found myself in prison as the consequence of not paying the bill.

A man might of course be sent to prison for not paying his doctor's bill, if judgment had been obtained against him, and afterwards a Committal Order; but we suppose the answer in the case of the police doctor is that there is statutory provision authorising the 7s. 6d. fee. Even so, it seems unfair to require a person charged with drunkenness, oftener than not a very poor man, to pay the comparatively high fee of 7s. 6d. for a medical examination. It may be argued that it is necessary, having regard to the general character of the people who call in the police doctor, to give the Court summary power if the fee is not paid, but surely the fee ought to be much more moderate than it is. Or if our medical correspondent is right, and 7s. 6d. is a fair charge, the State, not the prisoner, should pay it.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Liability of Employer.—X. Y. Z. (Wales).—The clerk is not entitled to any compensation from his employer. The case is a hard one, but the employer cannot be compelled to do any more than he has done.

Liability of Landlord.—E. W. T. (Shirley).—The question whether your landlord is liable to repair and redecorate the house depends on the terms of your lease. All you can do is to give notice to quit as you are not entitled to make any deductions whatever from the rent.

Sale of Furniture.—Advice (Percy Circus).—By selling the furniture you have become executor *de son tort*, and can be sued by the creditors, but any proceedings against you would be unsuccessful if you have no funds in hand or recoverable.

A Hiring Agreement.—South-West (London).—The hiring agreement appears to be an evasion of the Bills of Sale Act, and we doubt if it could be enforced. Your best course is not to make any more payments, and to leave the man to take his remedy.

In Forma Pauperis.—Viking (Newcastle).—You can sue for a divorce in *forma pauperis* if you get a solicitor to draw up a statement of your case and get a barrister to certify that it is a good case. To do this you must show that you have not the means to pay the costs in the ordinary way, the amount of which would be between £25 and £30. If the Court allowed your petition to proceed, it would cost you nothing.

A Complicated Case.—Salopian (Handsworth).—You have put yourself in a difficult position by accepting the compensation offered you, and, as the case is too complicated for us to advise on here, we recommend you to go to a local solicitor, as you seem likely to fall between two stools.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE.

The American language is quite an interesting thing, if only because the gentleman from the other side of the Atlantic is so sure that he is right and we are wrong. If he came over here in a chastened mood, prepared to learn from us as the heirs of Shakespeare, and Milton, and Gibbon, it would be different; but, unfortunately, he wants to reverse the process, and often waxes impatient over what he considers to be our stupidity.

When we call one of those convenient things which save you from having to tramp up the stairs at a Tube station a "lift," the word grates on him; he knows it as an "elevator," and cannot see why we will not adopt the longer and far uglier word. He does not recognise a tram; those monstrosities are "street cars," and, with all his vaunted love of economy, he insists on sticking to the awkward name. He prefers "railroad" to "railway," for some obscure reason, whilst he never posts a letter—he "mails" it. Amongst ourselves a "grafter" is a man who does his best at his job; across the Atlantic it signifies anyone who misappropriates public funds, "graft" being used as a general term to cover all sorts of corruption.

The American never speaks of a revolver. To him that rather useless weapon, dear to the hearts of small boys, hooligans, and students at Colonial colleges, is a "gun," whilst the weapon you use for birds is a "scatter-gun." A sporting dog goes by the elegant name of a "smell-dog"; "shells" are not the projectiles from artillery, but any sort of cartridges. All the swine in the States are "hogs." The tuberculous products from the stockyards are not tinned, but "canned," and then "railroaded in a freight car" to the port whence they will be shipped to this country.

When the American misbehaves himself, he is arrested, not by a constable, but by a "patrolman" or a "marshal," according to where he is. He calls his highwaymen "road agents," possibly in a spirit of satire, and hunts them down with a sheriff's posse. There are no privates in the American Army, only "enlisted men"; no servants in American houses, only "hired men" or "hired girls."

The motor-car is an "automobile," pronounced so that you instinctively think of somebody's much-advertised beans. Railway lines are laid, not on sleepers, but on "ties." A lady's blouse is a "shirt waist"; a soldier's tunic is a "blouse." Boots are all "shoes," whilst shoes are "low shoes," an especially irritating and fatuous arrangement. A bank-note is a "bill," whilst a cheque masquerades under the wrong spelling as a "check." You use "mucilage" on your postage stamps instead of gum, and it is a "letter carrier" who delivers your correspondence, if the "road agents" have not got it *en route*, the latter word, by the way, being pronounced "rout."

A "barkeep," or "bartender," mixes your drinks for you; a "janitor" opens the door of your hotel; a "stenographer" takes down your letters and types them; and when you die your coffin is supplied from an "undertaker's parlour."

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii of cover.

THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

A Library of Instruction in Music.

Written by EXPERTS.

The aim of "The Musical Educator" is to supply, in compact form, a complete Musical Education. Each department of musical knowledge is undertaken by an expert, and the work is an authoritative guide on everything relating to Music and Singing. The illustrations are particularly valuable; they portray the different instruments, attitudes in playing, &c., and include Five beautiful Frontispieces, and Reproductions of valuable Photographs.

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.....

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By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

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In this connection the coloured "mannikins" or "dummies," in which the various organs overlap each other precisely as they do in the human body, are very useful in making the reading matter clear.

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It is safe to say that in a large household embracing human items of every age or sex, the point of doubt or difficulty, the unexpected accident or emergency, could not arise that could not be immediately and satisfactorily dealt with, with this splendidly practical work at hand. It saves its cost before it has been in use for a month.

Two Opinions.

Mr. Wm. Webb, 102, Queensland Street, Liverpool:

"'The Modern Physician' ought to be in every household in the land, and it is certainly no fault of yours should it not be so, for the price at which it is published is reasonable, and the terms of subscription exceptionally easy."

Mr. A. H. Hart, 18, Canbury Park Road, Kingston-on-Thames:

"Three things especially impressed me: The up-to-date character of the work; the simplicity of the language used; and its practical value. It is creditable alike to Editor and Publisher."

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Two Opinions.

1. Sir Thomas Dewar:

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2. A Clerk's Opinion:

Mr. G. W. Marsh, Cashier, Finsbury Park Road, London, N.:

"I have only had the 'Business Encyclopædia' a short time, but I have already found it very useful, especially in my capacity as Bookkeeper and Cashier."

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.....

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

The L.C.C. Interferes.

No journal in this country has stood out more strenuously for the right of the public to amuse itself in its own way, so that this may be within the limits of the ordinary law, or has protested more hotly against the inference of busybodies with various kinds of harmless entertainment than John Bull. However, from time to time, we have warned that small section of variety managers who are sensation-mongers, rather than caterers for legitimate entertainment, that they were asking for trouble, and prejudicing some of the local governing authorities, as well as powerful sections of the public, against free trade in amusements, by adopting the methods of the Bowery dive in the West End of London. The validity of our warning with respect to two forms of so-called amusement—the morbid "dangerous" turn, and the "notorious person" turn—has been emphasised alike by the licensing authority and the entertainment patron during the past week or so.

"Dancing to the Lions."

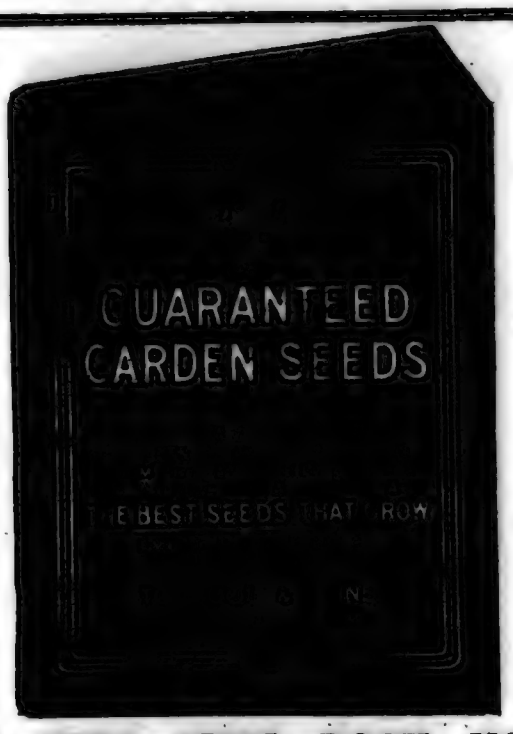
If my memory serves me rightly, the only protest which appeared in the London Press with respect to the recent and degrading revival of that stale old trick, the amateur dancer in the lion's den, was printed in these columns. The *Daily News* and other righteous sheets were booming this wretched "attraction" for all they were worth (which may or may not be very much), when we raised our voice against it, alike on the ground of its evil taste and its possible danger. And the disgusting item disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. I learn now that official action was taken by the London County Council; and for once I congratulate the London County Council. The general body of London music-hall and kindred show managers are opposed to this sort of out-of-date "scare"; and their less scrupulous competitors must be kept within bounds—if possible by the public, if not by that public's elected representatives.

Carrie's Fiasco.

In the case of Mrs. Carrie Nation, I was delighted to see that the people—who pay—had taken the matter in hand for themselves. No sane man or woman wishes to be confronted with a window-smashing virago when he goes to a music-hall. I should not like to say that this American mountebank received only her deserts when an election egg was dropped on her head. I do say that I should have been happy in the knowledge that the managing director responsible for her engagement had been treated with equal consideration. It is said that Mrs. Nation has been engaged now to appear in the company of a performer who has made large sums for many years past by littering the variety stage with broken glass and deafening his hearers with loud Yiddisher. Henceforth Carrie is to do some of the smashing; but she is not to talk. This is well! Our American visitor ought to be able to break things as artistically as any woman of her day and generation. She has had a lot of practice. In the United States, she says, she earned enough money by her "vaudeville" efforts to buy a house. I hope she will soon make enough to buy another—a long way off; and that she will then go and live quietly in it.

New Plays.

Bernstein's "Samson" comes to Town this week, after a huge Paris success and a good provincial reception. It signalises Mr. Arthur Bourchier's return to the Garrick, where he will be very welcome. Bernstein has done nothing better than "Samson." The title is derived from the fact that the "hero," a great financier, pulls down the pillars of his fortune to ruin the lover of his wife. It may be a silly thing to do, but it makes a thrilling melodrama. Another new play of the week is "The Chief of Staff," with Mr. Lewis Waller in it, at the Lyric: the first essay in drama, I believe, of Mr. Ronald Macdonald. An interesting play it is, full of military gents with queer names, and is acted by a capital company. A revival of note was the Afternoon Theatre's production of "The Admirable Bashville," Mr. Bernard Shaw's blank-verse joke on his own novel and other things. Bob Fitzsimmons says it is very amusing and very true. This is praise from Sir Hubert! P.



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CRUELTY TO PIT PONIES.

We have received the following letter on this subject:—

I have read with much interest your paragraph in this week's JOHN BULL relating to the ill-treatment which pit ponies are subjected to in the mines of this country, and your remarks contained therein, I assure you, are by no means exaggerated.

As an instance: About a month ago a youth was brought before the magistrates at a Staffordshire Police Court charged with alleged cruelty to a pit pony by tearing out its tongue when at work with the animal in a local colliery! The summons was taken out at the instance of the local inspector of the Royal Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the defendant partly admitted the deed, stating that, as the pony would not go, he, unfortunately, lost his temper with it, but asserted that the injury in question was caused by the head of the pony coming in contact with the roof of the mine. Yet, for this barbarous cruelty, owing to a technical point being raised in the youth's defence, he was cautioned and let off with paying the costs. Now for a glimpse of "behind the scenes." I have it on good authority that the firm who work the colliery in which the above incident occurred, did not in any way press the charge against the youth in their employ. But why? For the simple reason that for six days the harness had not been removed from the back of that pony, and that the poor creature had been made to work on both the day and night shifts, only being allowed about three hours for rest, meals, etc., during each day. No wonder the poor animal would not work, as stated by the youth in charge. It could not!

In contrast to the above narrative, poor men are brought before Courts and charged with cruelty to their horses by working them a little lame, etc., and in the majority of cases are heavily fined.

Surely such a terrible state of animal life underground, far from the prying eyes of the inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A., ought to be looked into.

The writer, having descended many collieries in the Black Country districts, has discovered youths belabouring the poor ponies in their charge with pike-helves, when their whip has not been just at hand, and in many cases for the slightest offence, such as overrunning the specified distance with the tubs, etc.

In large mines the ponies are much better treated and looked after, and the stables set apart for their accommodadation are excellent, but it is in the smaller mines where the most cruelty exists. In the latter, ponies are generally tied to posts or props in the roads when their work is finished, and very often are tied so close that they are unable to lie down at all, and the narrow roadways in which they are forced to work only appear large enough to admit a full-size St. Bernard dog.

In conclusion, I think a few of your collier readers could enlighten us more on the subject, this letter only being written by "A Lover of Animals."

The other side of it is given in the following letter:—

As a mining engineer and surveyor, I have visited—on business—most of the coal-pits in Lancashire and many others abroad.

Your informant of the ill-treatment of pit ponies has, I think, never been down a pit. He speaks of ponies being engaged to pull loaded wagons from the "face" to the "level."

No whipping could force a pit pony bigger than a Newfoundland dog to the "face" in Lancashire.

They are used on the levels, and it is to the interest of proprietors and miners alike to keep them in good condition. Anyone who has seen the comfortable, well-ventilated, white-washed quarters of pit ponies would compare their lot favourably with those above ground.

Again, there are inspectors; and cruelty would be reported.

TRADE NOTE.

MAN *versus* MACHINE.—The most careful being is apt to err in handling figures. Every good accountant, clerk or shop keeper of either sex, the professional or business man, or the account-keeping housewife is naturally careful with figures, but only a machine can add and subtract quickly and continually with the certainty of being invariably correct. There are many calculating machines on the market, but special advantages are claimed for the "Adall" Calculator which adds up or subtracts in a fraction of the time it would take any individual, and the "Adall" never makes mistakes. In a minute one can learn how to use the "Adall," and once having used would not willingly be without it. Yet the "Adall," in its handsome case, costs only ten and sixpence. Think what it means to have a life-long companion to do your adding for you rapidly, correctly, and so save you many an hour's work and many an headache. Could you imagine a more useful helper? All first-class stationers sell the "Adall," which is manufactured by The Adall Co., Temple Court, Temple Row, Birmingham.

The Effect of Electricity on Disease.

No Longer a Matter of Doubt.

Every day brings fresh proof of the value of electricity as a remedy for human ills. Cases which only a few years ago were considered incurable are now treated with the utmost success. Patients who have been trying medicines until they made a drug shop of their stomach suddenly realise that the old system is wrong. They have been dosing their poor stomachs with poisonous materials until the entire organic system has rebelled against it.

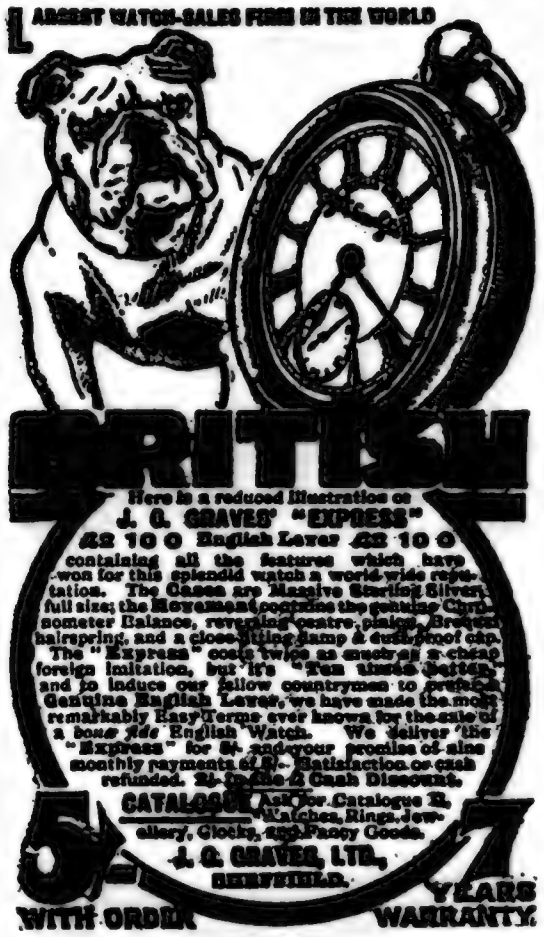
Prof. O. S. Fowler, in his work on the treatment of nervous diseases, says:—"Sufferers little realise how far they are restorable—yet they seek relief in the wrong directions, for medicines cannot cure this class of disease, but, on the contrary they almost universally prove injurious. They are no more adapted to reach these cases than a dose of ipecac or jalap to assuage a mother's grief for the loss of her darling babe, for the disease being largely local the restoratives must be applied directly to those prostrated parts; and since electricity is undoubtedly the instrumentality of all life, it necessarily follows that this element constitutes Nature's one most potent remedy in these diseases when rightly applied."

Every scientist who has devoted any time to the study of electricity is enthusiastic in its curative powers. It cures because it supplies the necessary life element. The cure is pleasant, being accomplished while the patient rests. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Battery is peculiarly adapted to nearly all general ailments. It is, without doubt, the most successful treatment known to-day.

All forms of weakness are cured by it. Electricity takes the place of weakness, banishing it for ever. Nervousness, Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Hysteria, Locomotor Ataxy, and Epilepsy yield to it in a surprising manner. It has no equal as a cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, and Backache. Its success in Dyspepsia, Constipation, Diarrhœa, Liver and Kidney troubles is brilliant.

The battery that is used has received the very highest endorsements. It is the only battery that has ever been given the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit. It is the only battery that can be used on the body, and supply a strong current with no charging.

A treatise on the subject has just been published that is well worth two guineas to any health-seeker. The subject of health is exhaustively treated in this 80-page pamphlet, a free copy of which will be sent to any reader of JOHN BULL. Simply drop a postcard or a note to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Not one penny of expense is attached to your application.—ADVT.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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—
That "Let live, and live," is the Government attitude to the Lords.
That the Free Fooders have got more than they can stomach.
That the Rand mines have had a "flush" time.
That a peerage is a baron honour.
That the Socialist Labour party is already reforming its tariff.
That the theatre queue is a standing nuisance.
That "The Angelus" contains no bells.
That Smyth-Pigott feels his "punishment" keenly.
That Wagner is played out.
That the Immigration Board's National Anthem is, "Let 'em All Come."
That our Editor has been "brought to book." See advt.

"The next music-hall strike will be like the Messina earthquake," according to a V.A.F. official. A "turn" that will bring the "houses" down, we presume.

Not a single case was tried at the quarter sessions in Canterbury last year. Canterbury lambs.

Viscountess Helmsley's advice, "Love your trade, however humble," is unnecessary, since most of us are already so attached to our work that we can't get away from it.

Lambeth is adopting the automatic lighting and extinguishing of street lamps. The lamplighters will lose their posts.

It is stated that Egyptian women wore false hair as far back as 5000 B.C. But falsehoods are even older than that.

Manchester Suffragists are threatened with a prosecution for plastering notices of a meeting on 100 Post Office letter-boxes. But isn't a letter-box the proper place to post things?

The *Star* querist who wants to know how to make a hash, should study the career of the Government.

"Many people are afraid to be good," says Elizabeth Gibson. Possibly because the good die young.

A Liverpool man has committed suicide in a vat of molasses. A syruptitious end.

Asked how he lived, a Lambeth County Court debtor replied, "On my merits." *Poor* fellow.

"Marriage isn't always a failure," says an evening paper. Of course not; a lottery without any prizes would be a very blank affair.

The French countess who is earning a living in Paris as a "sandwich-man" appears between, instead of on, the boards.

"Fireguard Sold for Food," reads a heading. Rather indigestible.

Mr. Haldane admits that the country has no confidence in the present Government, and by refusing to dissolve, the Government returns the compliment.

The *Express* has been experimenting with a gramaphone on the animals at the Zoo. Where is the S.P.C.A.?

"Budget not a Joke," reads a headline. It is more likely to be a very pay-in-full affair.

"Keep an eye on your enemies," says P. P. Shevlin. Otherwise they may dot it for you, we presume.

The daughter of a Californian millionaire has been appointed a "policeman" at Long Beach. Will they call her the "Copper Queen"?

It is stated that only eight people in London own aeroplanes. Two more and we shall have a real Upper Ten.

Fifteen children named Pinn received prizes at a Sidbury school distribution. They must have had good points.

If, as a Liverpool vicar says, "Nonconformity is going to pieces," it is time they stuck together.

A contemporary has an article on "Courting the Chorus Girl." What the stage-door masher wants to know, however, is how to prevent the chorus girl from "courting" him.

An Army man states that a regiment a thousand strong will consume 80,000 packets of cigarettes a month. Tommy Atkins can stand a lot of fag.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton says that the House of Lords is a disease. A fatal one for the Constitution, no doubt.

"Civil Official's Death," reads a heading. We are sorry, for there are but few of them.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to—such as whether it related to a legal, financial, insurance, publishing, or general enquiry.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Owing to the great increase in the number of* ENQUIRIES *received, consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag." The Editor will, however, in special cases, endeavour to reply by post to those correspondents who forward a stamped addressed envelope. When answers already standing in type have been published,* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will appear. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, &c., which will be duly acknowledged in these columns.*

P. B. C. (Handsworth) wants to know whether the Secretary of the Institution of Public Accountants (Coventry House, South Place, E.C.) has "any status which makes it worth while to become a member of the Institution." If we hear of any we will let him know.

R. R. (Sawbridgeworth) suggests "a scheme of wire entanglements sunk in the beach to be raised by a system of levers on the approach of the Germans." Hoch!

"WEEKLY" (Rogerstone) sent a P.O. in August to the Economic Electric Company (Twickenham), but cannot obtain his goods.

C. H. S. (Hornsey) complains that he finds all the bookstalls sold out of JOHN BULLS on Thursday afternoons. We apologise for being so popular, and suggest that he should get up a little earlier in the day.

"LILAC" (Taunton).—Certainly, if you get two covers on your copy, you get two numbers. If you are very virtuous, perhaps one day you will have triplets.

"DEVONIA" (Guernsey).—You must not expect us to award stupid biscuits in the vain hope that the victim will gossip, and thereby increase our already bloated circulation.

H. N. B. (Halifax) signed an order for a book, but made it conditional on his approving a proof. As he did not do this, he was clearly not liable. But as he did not defend the case, we fear he cannot escape payment. We hope other readers will be more careful about signing orders for useless and expensive books.

"A SUBURBAN DOCTOR" (Wandsworth).—We have no very great sympathy with people who object to street organs, but, as the law entitles you to send them away, we agree that the police ought to be more accessible, and that complainants should not be put to so much trouble and expense.

"ENQUIRER" (Ilford).—We must have your name, as well as your address, before we hunt up elaborate statistics on your behalf.

C. A. (Hull).—The odds against winning in foreign state lotteries are enormous, and most of the circularising agents are swindlers.

F. W. (Clapham Road).—We entirely sympathise with the sufferings of unemployed clerks, and can well believe that, after a period of unemployment, their appearance deteriorates, and they find it more difficult to get a job. We hope that some day someone will invent a machine for the abolition of clerks, so that they may be released for healthy employment on the land.

L. H. S. (Leicester) cured a cold by going without liquid all day, and felt "possitively a Marter." After fifteen hours, he informs us, "my cold is cured, but my heart is well-nigh broken." One must suffer in a good cause.

B. B. (Leeds).—It certainly sounds idiotic to pay £24,000 to a Leeds firm for tram rails which could be obtained from Belgium for £21,000. The L.C.C. could have devoted the balance to the relief of distress.

W. R. (Thornton Heath) wants us to give ourselves a biscuit "for expecting budding Hall Caines and Shakespeares to contribute pithy pars for publication in the biscuit columns without any monetary consideration." *But they do!*

S. G. P. (Bristol) has been excited by a paragraph beginning "the Prince of Wales, Lord Farquhar, and four other guns." He writes: "Big guns, I expect!" We are always unhappy when we find someone rather less brilliant intruding upon the circle of our intelligent readers.

"DELTA" (Dunstable) sends us an advertisement of some sausages including the words, "be careful what you eat." Very good advice in the case of some sausages.

"CHRONIC COLD" (Crewe).—We cannot take upon ourselves the responsibility of recommending the treatment of any "catarrh specialists." You must form your own judgment in the matter.

P. A. (Nuneaton).—What, indeed!

J. W. R. (Warrington) says that the Mormons have not abandoned polygamy.

W. W. W. (Woolston).—Alack! we know of no "trusty firms for putting inventions on the market."

S. J. L. (Hither Green) says he is not an instalment man, but that he has been well treated by instalment firms.

E. W. (Jersey) wants to know the name, price, and publisher of a book on flying machines by Sir Hiram Maxim.

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DEADLY CATARRH

OR

CHRONIC COLD IN THE HEAD.

THOUSANDS OF LIVES IN JEOPARDY—LIABILITY TO DEAFNESS, ASTHMA, or CONSUMPTION.

Just now there is an alarming prevalence of nasal catarrh in the British Isles. This is due largely to the dampness of the climate. Few people, comparatively, understand what this dangerous ailment really is, and yet very few are exempt from its ravages.

It begins with an ordinary cold in the head. This is neglected generally, in the expectation that it will cure itself. Often it becomes what is popularly termed a chronic cold in the head. The delicate membranes of the nasal passages, mouth, and throat become irritated and inflamed, mucus accumulates, there is the need of more or less frequent spitting, headaches are frequent, and the breath smells foully. Later, the involuntary swallowing of the poisonous mucus causes disorders in the stomach, kidneys, and other organs. Asthma, bronchitis, and even dreaded consumption follow in the train of this "chronic cold in the head," which is really nasal catarrh.

Another danger of catarrh is the extension to the organs of hearing, and consequent deafness, also ringing noises in the head.

Precious Time Being Wasted.

Misled by naively-written advertisements, people waste time and money in swallowing blood remedies, tonics, etc., which can never alone effect a cure. The true remedy, recognised by all medical authorities, is direct treatment upon the inflamed membranes. For many years our ablest physicians have worked upon this theory; but, as is conceded by themselves, they are yet far from finding just what is required. But I have found it!

My Straightforward Assertion!

I, Erasmus Colman, declare that I have a perfect and speedy cure for nasal and throat catarrh. It is a home treatment, occupying but a moment or two of one's time daily. The benefit becomes obvious from the first hour. The healing of the diseased condition is gradual, yet speedy and certain. Life again becomes worth the living!

Interrogate Yourself!

If you have any doubt about your ailment, read the following symptoms of Catarrh arranged in the form of questions:

1. Is your voice husky?
2. Is the breath offensive?
3. Is the nose stopped up?
4. Is your hearing affected?
5. Does the nose discharge?
6. Do you snore when asleep?
7. Do crusts form in the nose?
8. Do you have sneezing spells?
9. Is the sense of smell leaving?
10. Do you suffer from headache?
11. Is there fulness in the throat?
12. Do you expectorate frequently?
13. Do you have to clear the throat?
14. Is there dropping of phlegm into the throat?
15. Do you have Nausea and "gagging" with phlegm?

The foregoing and numerous other questions are those to which the sufferer can usually reply with the word "Yes." When such is the case, then let the afflicted person ascertain regarding my system just as quickly as possible.

May be a Fatal Error!

It is a fearful mistake to neglect catarrh. It is quite certain to develop into something worse. It will not cure itself.

The Veritable Cure.

I have the true cure. It is a system of vapourised medication, complemented by other highly effective therapeutic aids. There is nothing complex about it. Anybody can easily understand it. It is a pleasant form of cure. It is permanent.

Not Obtainable Elsewhere.

The Colman method has saved many lives—it may save yours!

I offer a perfectly genuine system of treatment. You cannot obtain it anywhere else, because it is the result of years of study and active experience, coupled with extraordinary ability in this particular line of ailment; therefore, my system is protected, and is obtainable only from me.

Nevertheless, I am a humanitarian, and do not make charges which are only possible for the well-to-do. Any sufferer, regardless of his or her position, can obtain my treatment upon simple and easy terms by confiding in me. I know that I have the complete cure for catarrh and its consequent ills, including asthma, deafness, etc. I want to cure every man, woman, or child that suffers. None need apply to me in vain.

Get it Free!

I invite every reader of *John Bull* to write to me, and obtain my treatise. I make no charge for the book. It explains all. It will be sent in a plain, sealed envelope. Please mention title, such as Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, etc. Address: Erasmus Colman (Room 425), 22, Grays Inn Road, London.—[ADVT.]

"Disgusted" (Bermondsey) and S. P. W. (Langland Bay).—You will find the result of the competition announced in last week's issue of the paper in question.

A. B. (Chichester) draws our attention to a sentence of three months' hard labour passed on a man by the Chichester City bench for the offence of sleeping out. These cases ought always to be pilloried. Will all readers please send them in? No one sleeps out for the sport of the thing.

R. S. (Palmerstone House) says that whisky is "the most infernal poison ever invented by the Devil," and that "there is only one end for the frequenters of such dens as public-houses—that is the gutter." We must really introduce him to Mrs. D. Nation.

"Medicus" paid a fee to "Bonham, Ward and Co.," and was given a number of addresses which led to nothing. He sinned in good company.

F. R. M. (Yeovil) writes: "We do not get enough of Jim Crow, the only humorist on your staff." Jim is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Nation, the only humorist outside our staff.

A. M. G. (Plymouth) gives various instances of the use of the word "Scottish" by Burns. But he did like his Scotch.

J. T. (Bath) says the *GospelMessenger's* story about an impious farmer appeared in the *Bath Herald* twenty-five years ago. We can quite believe it. Some stories are endowed with longevity.

"Ditch" wrote to a firm of moneylenders named Edward Tredway (Holywell Street, St. Albans) for a loan of £2. He was made to pay 3½d. for a form and 4s. for enquiries. Then he was told he could have £3 if the repaid £3 by weekly instalments of 2s. 6d. But he thought this too thick. Edward Tredway is the registered name of a woman named Buer, whose husband went bankrupt some years ago.

G. M. (Norbury) and G. E. H. (W. Kensington).—Thanks, but we do not eat biscuits. Nor do we consider that it was a mistake to say that a wife thrashed her husband "on the wedding-eve." If G. M. had looked out "eve" in his dictionary, he would have found that it means "the latter part of the day."

G. T. (Goodmayes).—The methods of the London Fine Art Co., of Leyton, are well-known and highly reprehensible. Why not sue for the return of your money?

W. N. (Finsbury Park) says that a chess column would bring us in some hundreds of new subscribers, and points out that 400 competed in a *Daily News* chess competition. But we want thousands, not hundreds.

"Scotch" (Aberdeen) writes: "I cannot refrain from congratulating you on this week's John Bull. Rosebery's cross-examination is a treat.

W. C. W. (Belfast).—We do not know why a "grandmother clock" should be out of order. Are timepieces necessarily masculine?

"Economic" (Bloemfontein, O.R.C.).—We are not aware that the workhouses are turning away applicants, but the number of the unemployed is certainly distressing.

P. S. M. (Brentwood) and "Justice."—It is a very strange case, but how are we to sift it?

"Florrat Salopia" (Chichester).—Thanks for sympathetic wishes; but we really did not look so unhappy as the *Daily Mirror* camera made out.

A comedian named Nation writes to say that he is no relation to Dame Nation of the Colney hatchet.

F. J. H. (Charing Cross).—We do not agree with your strictures on our article about unemployment, and assure you that our Editor is not neglecting his job, though the Treasury rage never so furiously.

B. S., Jun. (Forest Gate) says he prophesied the earthquake at Messina, and anticipates others in Spain and Cuba.

D. K. (Partick) has suffered from an employment agency which did nothing, and the police were unable to help him. But the Public Prosecutor is very busy just now.

"Illustrious" (Holmwood).—We are obliged to you for pointing out "Vedette's" error in saying that Lord Charles Beresford was in command of the Mediterranean Fleet at the time of the North Sea trouble with Russia. He was, of course, in command of the Channel Fleet.

H. F. R. (Middlesboro').—We note what you say as to the two docks capable of taking the "Dreadnought" or "Indomitable," one of which our contributor erroneously stated to belong to Hawthorne, Leslie and Co. Ltd., at Hebburn. The dock referred to is, as you say, the property of R. Stevenson and Co. Ltd., Hebburn-on-Tyne, and as this Company is not at present in a very prosperous condition, it is right to give them the credit for their enterprise that is their due.

G. K. (Plaistow).—We find you have misled us. Judge Willis showed bias, but you induced it by your rudeness. For the rest it was your word against that of the rector, except where the rector was able to confirm his own statements by those of the Churchwardens.

E. H. F. (Spalding).—See answer to C. A. (Hull).

"Arcus" (Bowes Park) wants a biscuit for a parson who said: "The need was for less talk and a good deal more prayer." But surely there is such a thing as silent prayer. We indulge in it ourselves sometimes.

L. H. S. (Twickenham).—Sorry we are unable to assist you.

W. G. C. (Croydon).—Your suggestion shall be passed on to our cartoonist, but we are rather full up with ideas.

(*We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.*)

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OF DELIGHTFUL AROMA
AND
HARMLESS on ACCOUNT of their ABSOLUTE PURITY

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BROMPTON CONSUMPTION AND COUGH SPECIFIC & LUNG SAVER
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Supplied to the Aristocracy; 50 Years' Reputation.
Depot J.B. 42, Waterloo Rd S.E.
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Nothing is so appetising as the added flavour of Bracknell's Club Sauce to Soups, Cold Meats, Stews, etc. It promotes appetite, aids digestion, and is absolutely pure.

Per 8 oz. bottle 6d. Of all Grocers

If any difficulty in obtaining, send two stamps and name of your grocer, and a sample bottle will be sent post free by G. & S. Bracknell (Dept. a), Brandon Road, King's Cross, London.

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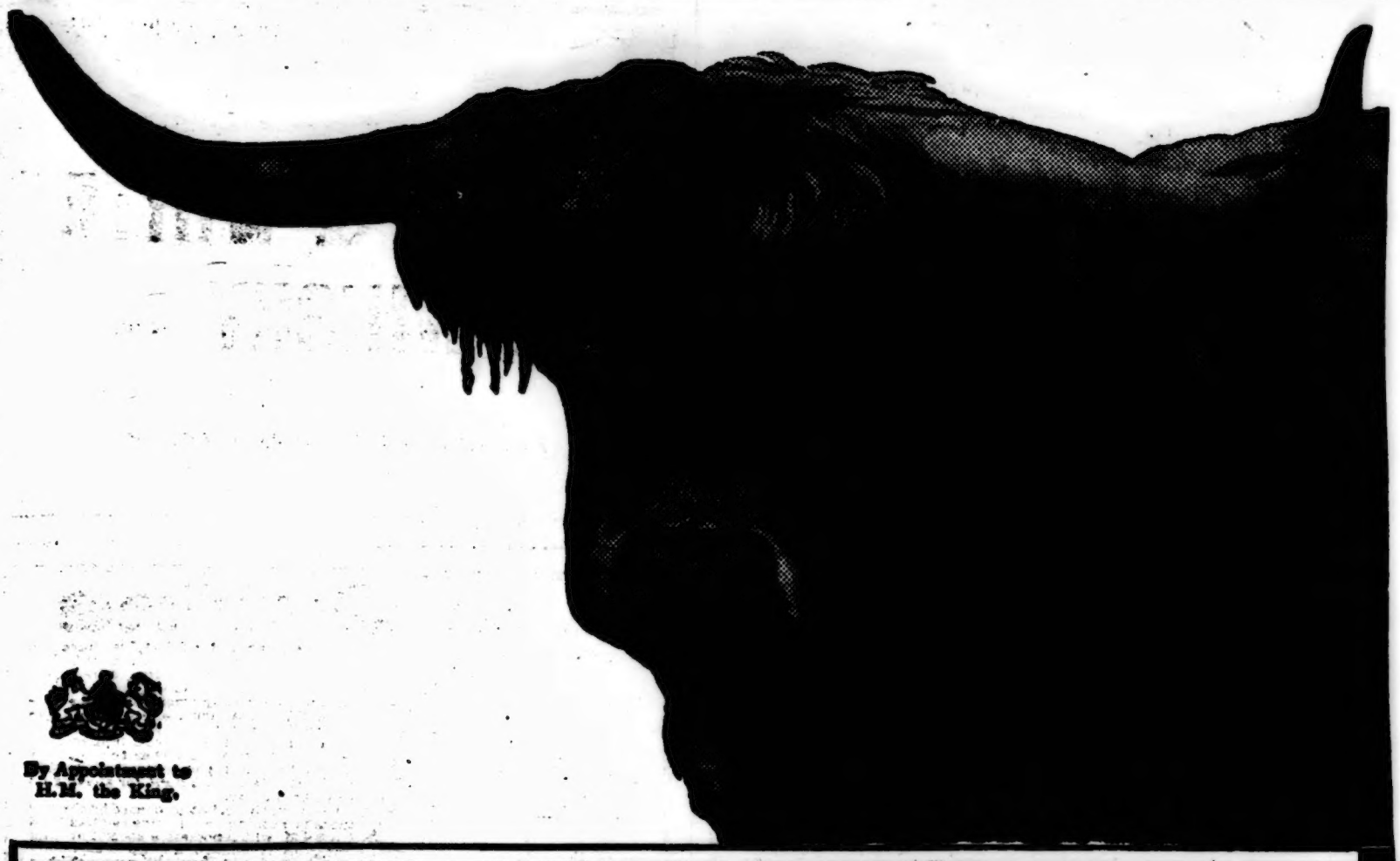

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

"— and his name is now BOVRIL."

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INSURE AGAINST IT BY THE

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USE "NUGGET" POLISHES THEY "DOUBLE the LIFE of your BOOTS"

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTHIAN.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

"John Bull" Excepted.

The little bookmakers all over the country complain—with justice, too—that there is hardly a pressman or a journalist that protests against the way they are driven from pillar to post.

Over the Sticks.

Maher's feat of riding over hurdles has fired several of the leading flat-race jockeys, and besides Herbert Jones we shall see others having a flutter more from dare-devil spirit than anything else.

A Lady "Blue Ribbon" Heroine.

The Victoria Derby has been won by a lady—Miss M. Gordon—with Alawa. No lady has ever won the English event, and only one within recent recollection (Mrs. "Fern," who owned The Baron) has been represented.

Public Form.

There is no accounting for the extraordinary opposite performances which horses put in within a day or two of each other. Invariably we see something just beaten for a race—probably an outsider—starting favourite the next time out and never showing in the picture.

Prophetic.

This week consists of six days of what is rather inaccurately termed a "metropolitan round," that is, racing at venues all of which are looked upon as within reasonable reach of London, and therefore as suburban fixtures. The sport must improve as it progresses—from Gatwick to-day (Thursday) to Sandown at the week end. WARDSTOWN would, if not waiting for something better in the near future, take the Stewards' Steeplechase, while, having broken the ice at last, and as his *one* quality is stamina, HILL CLIMBER should assuredly win the Throckmorton Handicap, although danger is threatened from MELUSINE II.

Sandown is, of course, quite an alluring betting card, but it must be governed by what has occurred between the time of inditing these notes and their being in the hands of the public. SAVERNAKE, for instance, is in Friday's Village Selling Plate, to win which, however, he would need to beat both Baron Crafton and Miss Nick. B.M., disappointed of a similar event at Kempton, must, if saddled, win the Farnham Steeplechase; while, assuming he has not run at Gatwick, BALLSIRENEN is extraordinarily nicely treated in the Sandown Grand Prize.

Saturday's Prince of Wales Steeplechase is a wondrously flattering handicap, for one could pick six or eight horses—especially those in the 10 st. division—with palpable chances. My idea is that

JUDAS

has not been handicapped like this for a couple of seasons, but if Mr. Parr's old horse is anything like himself he must take all the beating that anything can give him. ORTYX—unluckily defeated in a recent selling stake, ought to atone by winning the Woking Handicap; while, whichever Hartigan runs, particularly if it be MATOI, should gain the February Four-year-old Steeplechase, and MRS. GIRDLE the Ripley Handicap. They are such a bad lot in the Cardinal's Hurdle Handicap that CARNEGIE would carry his top weight home.

"BLACK & WHITE" WHISKY

BUCHANAN'S POPULAR 'SCOTCH.'

Oatine

To ensure a clean and comfortable shave use good shaving soap, such as either the OATINE SHAVING CREAM (in tubes) or the OATINE SHAVING STICK, both of which are British-made, and most carefully prepared for the purpose, the cream giving a heavy, and the stick a lighter, close-lying lather; but being alike in this, that both give a free, smooth, lasting and agreeable lather that will not dry on the face. If you have not tried either of the OATINE SOAPS for shaving do so without delay.

To relieve the irritation caused by shaving there is nothing so effective as OATINE CREAM, which possesses special healing properties; it should be applied immediately after shaving, and should be gently rubbed into the skin, or, better still, rubbed into the beard overnight or before the morning shave. This has the effect of softening the beard in a most astonishing manner.

Free Samples

of OATINE CREAM and OATINE SOAP will be sent to all applicants, together with a copy of our booklet, on send 2d. for a box containing samples of eight different preparations.

THE OATINE CO., 270a, Denman Street, London, S.E.

"JOHN BULL" says: "A Valuable Book. Act upon it."

don't know! I know now! Doing well, thanks!

Profitable "Hints" to Success

Brimful of golden wrinkles, startling revelations, eye-openers, eye-openers, wide-awakes, back-me-ups, expert advice and profitable hints on all kinds of business. Tells you what to do and how to set

MEN ARE FOUR.

1. He who knows not and knows not he knows not. He is a FOOL—shun him!
2. He who knows not and knows he knows not. He is SIMPLE—teach him!
3. He who knows and knows not he knows. He is ASLEEP—WAKE HIM!
4. HE WHO KNOWS and KNOWS HE KNOWS. He is WISE—FOLLOW HIM!

Lives of poor men oft remind us
That "inexperts" don't stand a chance,
The more they work there grow behind them
Bigger patches on their pants.

• • • •

Then let's all be up and doing,
Smart honest plans for big and small,
If you neglect to seize your chances
You will have no pants at all.

"John Bull" readers will appreciate the following unusual offer: Post 2/6 for a copy (post free under cover) and if not approved return same at once, and your 2/6 will be refunded. We take all the risk, you take none, so take the "hint" and profit by "Hints."

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A Guaranteed Cure for Nervous Weakness.

Thousands of sufferers are reading for these wonderful little tablets and being cured—thoroughly cured—of all kinds of Nervous, Stomach, Liver and Kidney complaints, Rheumatic Affections, Organic Weakness, &c. They are a quick, safe and certain remedy & real elixir of life. In bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6 and 11/-, post P.O. direct to us to-day. We will return your money if not quite satisfied. Dept. 6.

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TO COUNTERACT CHILLS AND INFLUENZA.

PROTECTS THE HEALTH. There is unfortunately, a tendency to deterioration in all large cities. Men, and women too, rush about, eat quickly and often unsuitably, worry all day in a vitiated and dust-laden atmosphere, come home over-tired, and spend half the night awake and disturbed. No wonder they get "run down." The remedy for a "run down" condition is "Wincarnis," the famous meat and malt wine tonic. "Wincarnis," protects one's health by raising the powers of resistance to disease. It makes the blood warm and rich in red corpuscles, gives a vigorous circulation.

FREE TRIAL. Send three penny stamps (to pay cost of carriage) to Coleman and Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you'll obtain a sample bottle, free of charge. Mention this paper.

AFTER FREE TRIAL you can buy "Wincarnis" at any wine merchant's, and Chemist's or Grocer's who are licensed to sell wines. You can buy "Wincarnis" with Quinine of Chemists.

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OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR 50 HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of specified date bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for the issues of December 19th and 26th:—

GEORGE G. DUNCAN, 201, George Street, Aberdeen. (No. 237701—December 19th, 1908.)

FREDERICK BODDINGTON, 3, Vine Road, Vicarage Lane, Stratford, E. (No. 46030—December 19th, 1908.)

CLARENCE SMITH, 28, Dornton Road, Balham, S.W. (No. 53348—December 19th, 1908.)

CHAS. F. WOOD, 11, Wellesley Road, Liscard, Cheshire. (No. 240541—December 19th, 1908.)

A. BOYD, 23, New Bridge Street, Leicester. (No. 16834—December 19th, 1908.)

J. R. BENTLEY, Gladwins, Limpsfield, Surrey. (No. 22323—December 26th, 1908.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of January 2:—

483; 11497; 17867; 20321; 29899; 36253; 40047; 49662; 49734; 51330; 56349; 60149; 67999; 73701; 79473; 85487; 90113; 93004; 100308; 104738; 117343; 119376; 124432; 133585; 139578; 147893; 149293; 156346; 159875; 164889; 169401; 174310; 182234; 189783; 191411; 196005; 201308; 211804; 224848; 227846; 231038; 235578; 239478; 240518; 249100; 254014; 266104; 266736; 270008; 297647.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED MARCH 13TH (PUBLISHED MARCH 11TH).

Special Notice.

We find that the arrangements in connection with our New Ballot Scheme will take somewhat longer to complete than we anticipated, and, therefore, until further notice, the scheme will continue on the old lines, as explained above.

WHICH WILL YOU BE?

Worth POUNDS or SHILLINGS TO YOUR EMPLOYER.

TO LOOK OLD

is fatal to your chance of success. This is pre-eminently the age of young men, and those who are no longer young MUST retain their youthful appearance as long as possible.

LOCKYER'S HAIR RESTORER

darkens grey hairs to a perfectly natural shade. Detection impossible, but success certain. Preserves the appearance, improves the hair, but does not stain the skin. Insist on LOCKYER'S refuse substitutes.

Latest New-priced Edition, on sale everywhere 1/6 or post free from J. PEPPER & Co., Ltd., Bedford Laboratory, London, S.E.

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SULPHOLINE LOTION

which directly attacks all forms of Eczema, Eruptions, Pimples, Acne, Spots, Blackheads or Disfiguring Rashes, leaving the skin in the soft, clear, supple, attractive condition designed by Nature

Bottles everywhere, 1/- & 2/9

A FREE TRIAL	We will send a bottle to all readers of this paper enclosing this Coupon with 4d. to pay postage.	COUPON No. 20a.

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For 35 years the Paramount Skin Remedy has been

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PEPPER'S TONIC

Every bottle of PEPPER'S TONIC brings hope to the despairing. If you are run down, out of sorts, or "below par," why not try PEPPER'S TONIC—the great remedy with 40 years' reputation? You can

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AND NEURALGIA cured instantly by

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Rev. Aubrey Price, B.A., writes:—"I have derived the greatest possible relief in severe neuralgic headaches from four to five drops of Bunter's Nervine on sugar." BUNTER'S NERVINE is sold by all Chemists & Stores everywhere at 1/1½, 2/9, or 4/6, or post free from the Proprietor.

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For over 160 Years they have been used continuously in the homes of the people . . . They are mild but certain in action, are a positive cure for Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Giddiness, Wind, Flatulence, &c. In all chemists, 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6, or post free from

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